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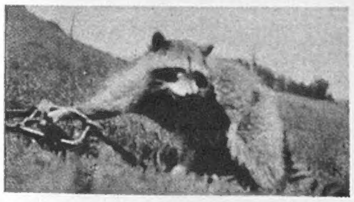

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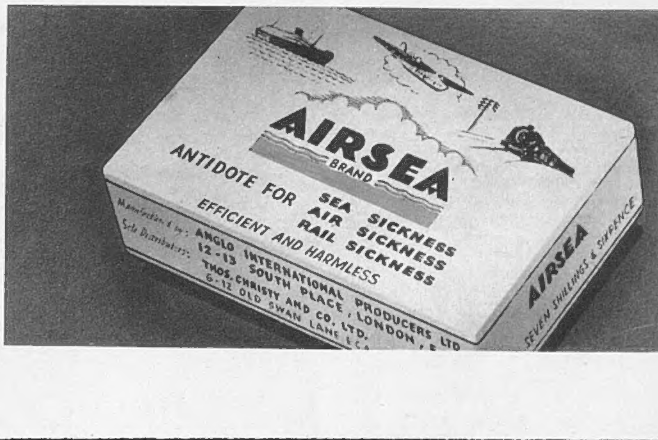

The Sketch

No. 2322—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA.

FILM FLOWER GIRL AND FUTURE COUNTESS.

MISS VIRGINIA CHERRILL, *the American film-star who made her first big success as the blind flower girl in Chaplin's picture, "City Lights," is shortly to marry the young Earl of Jersey. Lord Jersey, who is the ninth holder of the title, was born in 1910, and succeeded his father in 1923. His seats include Osterley Park, Isleworth, Baglan House, Neath, Glamorgan, and Middleton Park, Oxon. Lord Jersey in 1932 married Miss Patricia Richards, on whose petition the marriage has been dissolved.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

THE SORROWS OF HOLLYWOOD.

IT is sad to learn (as I do learn from what used to be called " an esteemed contemporary ") that Hollywood, the Land where it is Always Afternoon, has its own little problems and is becoming seriously worried about them. The world, as we learn every day from the newspapers, has become curiouser and curiouser; and its curiousness reflects itself acutely in a place which is, more than any other in the world—far more than Geneva—an international clearing-house.

One of the first things a writer learns about his craft—and it causes him some surprise when he is new at the job—is that the things which he *can't* say are far more numerous than the things he *can* say. Candour is even more difficult with the pen than with the tongue; the pen may be mightier than the sword, but the wielder of it very soon discovers that there is not only a very stringent law of libel, which may catch him out quite unawares, but all sorts of other prudential restrictions which the guileless reader never suspects. But if this is a difficulty for the ordinary scribe, how much greater is it for the scenario-writer and film-producer, who have to provide for an enormous audience with an extraordinary variety of corns, very sensitive when trodden on!

That is the trouble—corns. In this age of extremely touchy nationalisms, corns have become a world-wide epidemic. The film-writer is beginning to feel that he cannot take the most timid step in any direction without stamping on one of these callosities, and eliciting an indignant squeal. How, for instance, is he to please Germany, Italy, Russia and Spain at one and the same time? Germany is out of love with a place which produces films (as the " esteemed contemporary " discreetly says) " made by, with and for a good proportion of non-Aryans "; and, in any case, I doubt whether the masculinity of Hollywood's most robust he-men is quite two-fisted enough for Wotan and the Old Gods. Italy is even haughtier; she " will accept no Italian character who is not a hero "; the time-honoured ice-creamer, organ-grinder, and macaroni-monger, so dear to generations of playwrights, have become a national affront and are put out of business. Russia is very snooty about the bourgeois ideology of California. France prefers, and always has preferred, her own Gallicism; and Spain is otherwise engaged.

"Regardez, mes enfants, voici le Trafalgaire Square, et voilà le Lord Nelson."

DRAWN BY JOYCE DENNYS.

Japan has been very tiresome and selfish about the whole thing. The Japanese are insatiable filmgoers, but when the talkies were invented, they obstinately refused to learn English in order to understand them. So, regardless of Hollywood, they set to work to make their own films, and they now produce far more than anybody else in the world. The films cost about £200 or £300 each, and I understand that a Japanese film-star (and there are some tremendously popular favourites) earn about £500 or £600 a year. And Japan is quite satisfied. It does not seem to mind what Hollywood thinks about it. Not what you can call neighbourly, is it?

Some of the new sensitiveness is, I admit, justified. I don't wonder that the Chinese are a little tired of seeing every Celestial on stage or screen as a sinister, parchment-faced opium-fiend, whose sole relaxation is sending people (preferably virtuous females who prefer Death to Dishonour) to the torture-chamber. Apparently even the Mexicans are becoming restive at " being depicted always as knife-throwers and cattle-rustlers." The only people who don't complain of being held up to execration are the gangsters. They regard it as good publicity. The G-men get their little boost, too; law and order are vindicated; and so we are, amid all these taboos, at least assured of our supply of crime-films—which to me, for one, is a great satisfaction.

The ordinary film public little knows how jealously its sensibilities are safeguarded. There is in Hollywood a very important office which exercises one of the most strict and complicated censorships (of course, entirely voluntary) in the world. This office issues a code for all motion-picture producers. I have seen an abstract of it. On the whole, it is a very sensible code, and a very necessary one. It discountenances things which any ordinary, reasonable person, without being a Holier-than-Thou, would agree ought to be discountenanced, because, if they once crept into films, they would be liable to flagrant abuse. Different views are possible about the influence of the films, but a great deal of nonsense is talked in certain stuffy quarters about their " demoralising " effect. When one considers the harmful possibilities of the moving picture, if unscrupulously used, it is obvious that a great deal of discretion and restraint goes towards making the film what it is intended to be—an average, decent, but not necessarily intellectual entertainment for average, decent, but not necessarily intellectual, people. If the influence of the films is open to criticism, it is on much more subtle grounds than those which are usually given from pulpit and platform.

All the same, there must be anxious times in the Hays Office (as the censorship department at Hollywood is called). There are incessant " representations " by religious organisations, Women's Clubs, Temperance Societies, Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children's Welfare Associations, and innumerable other groups; and it would be instructive to listen-in to some of the discussions. The guiding principle is—feelings must not be hurt. There is a long and frequently revised list of words which must be avoided, not only because they might shock, but because they might hurt: among them, for example, are Chink, Dago, Frog (of a Frenchman), Hun, Nigger, Wop and Yid. You may be surprised to hear that Sex Appeal is also on the list!

But when it comes to applying the principle " Feelings must not be hurt " among all the nations of the modern world—why, then, you can understand that Hollywood really has its work cut out. What is one nation's meat is another nation's poison. It all illustrates, I fear, the difficulty of being as truly international as we are told we ought to be. But doubtless when we get the World State, we shall change all that.

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DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE ECLIPSE ENJOYED IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE:

MRS. WOODWARD *led in Boswell (Bosworth—Flying Gal II.), her husband's St. Leger winner, which was victorious in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, with* P. BEASLEY *up, after starting at 20 to 1.*

Left: VISCOUNT *and* VISCOUNTESS ASTOR *came together. They must have been very disappointed over Rhodes Scholar's failure in the Eclipse Stakes.*

Below: LADY MAUREEN STANLEY, *daughter-in-law of the Earl of Derby, and eldest daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, with* MR. PETER THURSBY.

Left: SIR WALTER GILBEY *in one of his famous curly-brimmed "white" bowlers, came with* LADY GILBEY.

MRS. EUAN WALLACE *wore a tiny white skull-cap hat. She is a daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the famous architect.*

VISCOUNT FORBES, *elder son of the Earl of Granard, with* MISS SUSAN DU BOULAY.

MRS. M. V. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD *and* LADY (MILES) LAMPSON, *wife of the British Ambassador to Egypt, are together. Lady Lampson was Miss Jacqueline Castellani.*

SOME OF THE HUNDREDS WHO WENT TO SANDOWN.

Right: CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORT *and* LADY ZIA WERNHER *were two well-known racing personalities present.*

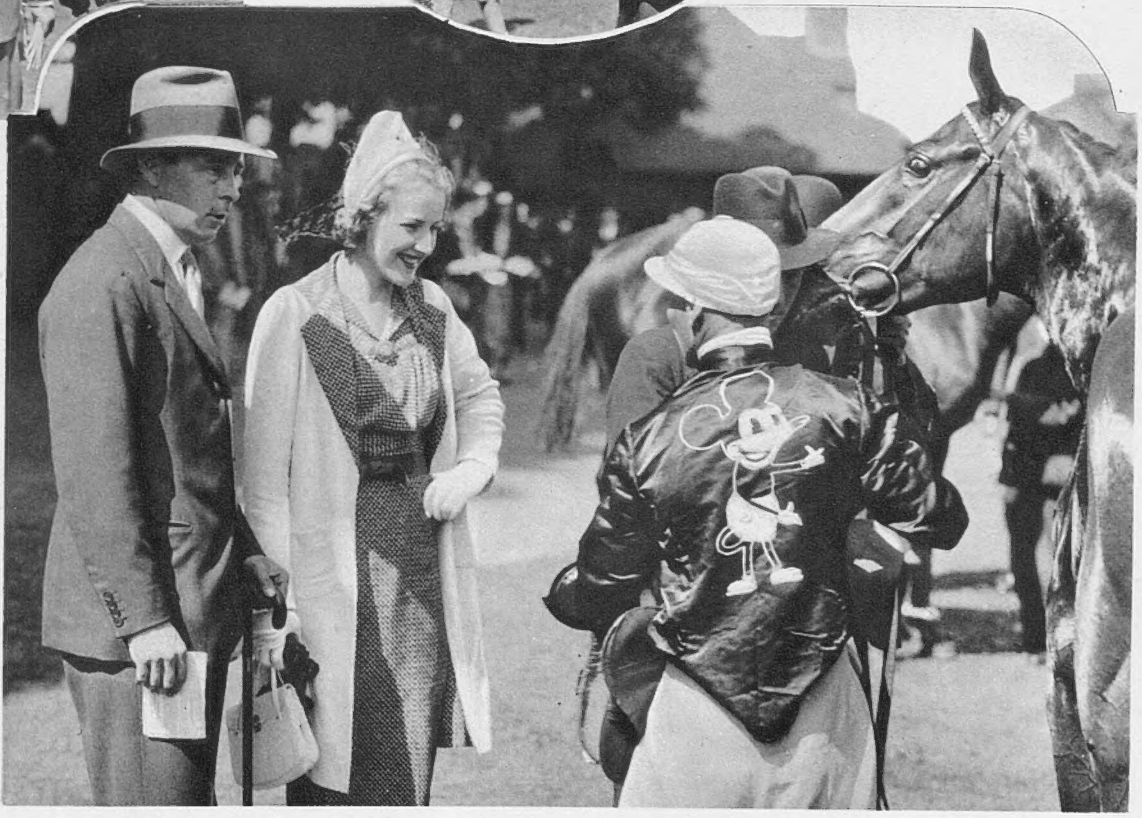
The MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE, *in striking stripes, walked in the paddock with* SIR "JOCK" DELVES-BROUGHTON, BT.

LORD LOVAT *and* LADY MARY DUNN *are seen in the paddock, walking very briskly, in spite of the hot weather. Lady Mary is the younger daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn.*

Right: LADY JOAN COLVILLE, *sister of the Earl of Jersey, is shown with* MR. E. N. BARRAN.

Left: LADY STAVORDALE, *daughter-in-law of the Earl of Ilchester, and sister of Countess Munster, is with the* DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MR. STARKEY, LORD LOVAT, *and* LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *are the trio in this group. Lady Willoughby was Miss Rachel Wrey.*



The DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK *chatting to* NICOLL, *the jockey, after unsaddling Katerfelto, which ran in the Ditton Selling Plate. Note the Duchess's "Mickey Mouse" colours.*

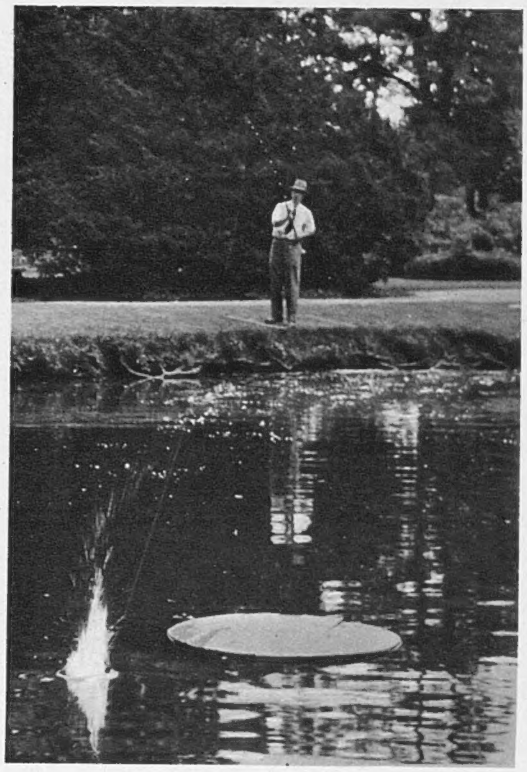
"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

OWING to the appearance this year for the first time of two American casters in our Casting Tournaments, they have been of special interest. Mr. Marvin K. Hedge is the holder of the world's record for trout fly distance casting, and Mr. Arthur Neu is a champion at accuracy casting. Under far from favourable conditions at Ranelagh, Mr. Hedge easily outdistanced all the European experts in the open trout fly distance event with a cast of 40 yards 2 feet. His only serious rival was the Belgian, M. M. Godart, whose style of casting was more adversely affected by the gusty side wind. With a following wind M. Godart might be able to beat Mr. Hedge—he did so in Paris with a 5-oz. rod—but there is no doubt that Mr. Hedge knows a great deal more about the science of distance casting than anyone on this side of the Atlantic, and in that knowledge lies his superiority. I had a talk with Mr. Hedge, and he explained to me the American attitude on casting. First he pointed out that the more active sports are usually dropped soon after leaving college, and when middle-age is reached there is nothing to equal fishing as a recreation which may be continued into old age. The middle-aged American takes up fishing with the definite object of providing himself with an interest which he will not have to discard as the years go by. He takes it up seriously, and as a matter of course he hires a professional coach to teach him how to cast. The work of the professional coach is not confined to teaching the middle-aged, for Mr. Neu has also been engaged by schools and universities to give exhibitions of casting and to coach classes.

Mr. R. O. Herman is competing in the AMATEUR TROUT FLY ACCURACY (NOVICES) *competition during the British Fly Casting Association Tournament and World Championships at Ranelagh. Competitors had to cast into a floating circle of small circumference.*

Fisheries Exhibition in New York. Mr. Arthur Neu, who told me that he is really a "has-been" and also out of practice, managed to put up a very good performance in both the bait and fly accuracy competitions. In the latter event he is used to dry fly only, so found the odds against him at Ranelagh, for the accuracy event consisted of dry fly, wet fly and switch casting. Nevertheless, Mr. Neu put up a fine score, but not good enough to beat M. Godart, Capt. T. L. Edwards, or the amateur expert, Mr. W. H. Thomas. While he is over here Mr. Neu is busy making preliminary contacts respecting a great fisheries exhibition which is being organised in connection with the New York World's Fair in 1939. He showed me a book of designs for some of the main buildings, which are on a most impressive scale. The fisheries exhibits are planned as working models and this scheme of providing living interest is to be followed throughout. A large indoor casting tank is to be provided, on which tournaments will be held during the exhibition, and this tank will also be available for demonstrating fishing tackle of exhibiting firms.

Thresher Shark Caught Off Christchurch. Another thresher shark has been caught off our coasts on rod and line. Although small compared with those caught in New Zealand waters—the largest, 280 lb., was taken off Dungeness by Mr. Kelly in 1933—they have been landed on comparatively light tackle, and in consequence have given great sport. Mr. Romilly Lunge called to see me on July 19 to tell me that on the previous day, while fishing for tope off Christchurch, he hooked and landed a thresher shark weighing 149 lb. Describing the incident, Mr. Lunge said that he had just landed a small tope and re-baited with a whole whiting. Putting this out, he was talking with his companion, when they saw a thresher shark leap out of the water twice. At the same moment Mr. Lunge remarked that he had another run from a tope. He struck and at once realised that it was no tope but the thresher which had taken the bait. His rod, which he brought along to show me, was 5 ft. 3 in. in length overall, the tip being 3 ft. 9 in. and weighing 4 oz. With this light rod and a Pflueger reel, 60-lb. line and trace with a breaking strain of 40 lb., Mr. Lunge had a terrific fight with the shark. Even when putting as much brake as possible on the reel with his thumb, line was still being pulled off the reel as the shark made short runs. For an hour the thresher circled round and round the dinghy, and on one occasion had nearly all the line off the reel. After two hours the shark showed signs of exhaustion and was brought alongside the boat. Neither Mr. Lunge nor his friend had any experience of gaffing sharks, but succeeded in doing so and in getting a rope round the tail. Rather than risk losing their prize by towing it back they decided to haul it aboard. Mr. Lunge brought the thresher to London in the back of his car and intends to have the head mounted as a memento of a thrilling fight.



For the AMATEUR BAIT ACCURACY *contest for the Gordon Ley Challenge Cup a floating disc of wood was the target. Mr. W. Birchenough is making his cast, and has not this time managed to hit the mark. The $\frac{1}{2}$-oz. bait accuracy event was won by Mr. Arthur Neu, the American champion.*

Cannibalism in Fish. On cutting open a perch of $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. which he caught in the City of London Piscatorial Society's water at Moor Lane, Mr. Douglas Bowie found inside it a partly digested perch of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. He reported the incident to me as his first experience of a cannibal perch. With predatory fishes it is the rule rather than the exception for cannibalism to occur. Pike will eat pike as readily as they will any unrelated species, no matter if they are almost as big as themselves. Conger eels are reputed to be as bad and trout are little better. It is a mistake to think that the cannibalistic habit is confined to big trout. I think there is little doubt that all carnivorous fishes are prone to cannibalism. Aquarists who breed goldfish find it necessary to remove the parent fish after spawning, otherwise they will gobble up the eggs and any fry which may hatch out. The common carp is also suspected of similar behaviour. Some years ago I was told about a pond containing large carp. Each season these fish spawned and fry were observed, but they soon disappeared and no medium-sized fish were ever seen in the pond.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

One hundred and thirty-five anglers between the ages of sixty-five and eighty-five took part in the Leeds Veterans Match on July 18 on the canal at Sykehouse. Every arrangement was made for the convenience and comfort of these old anglers, who had a great day.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

FLY - CASTING CHAMPIONSHIP CONVERSATION - PIECE.

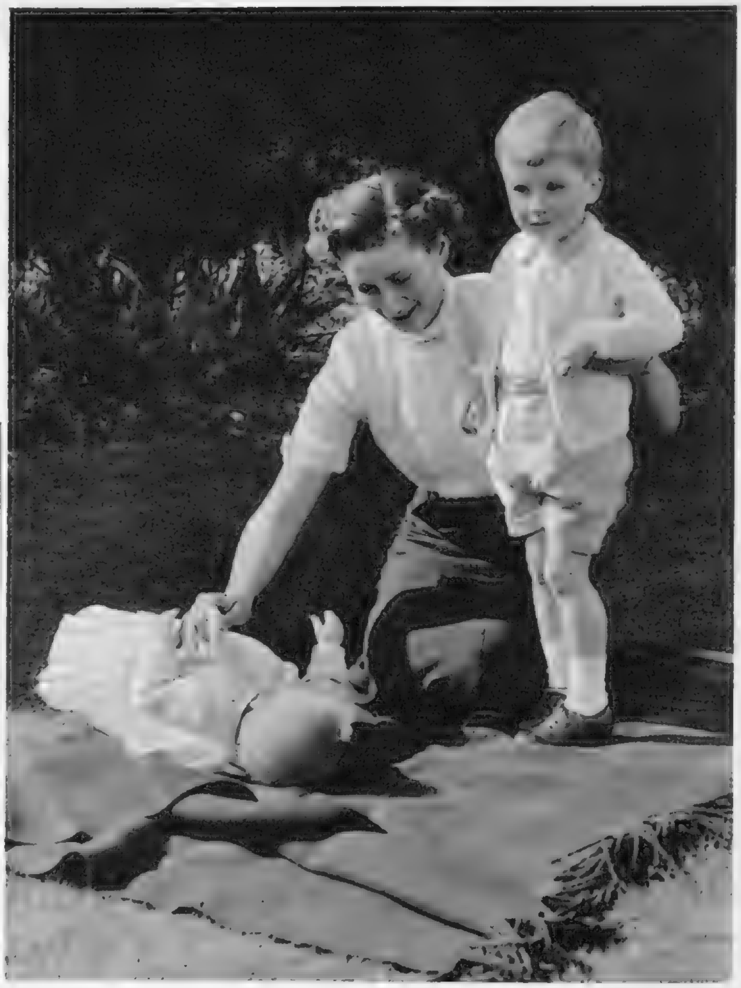
The BRITISH CASTING ASSOCIATION'S *Tournament and World Championships at Ranelagh are here recorded in a very successful conversation-piece by camera, framed in an arch of natural greenery. The* HON. MRS. ALISTAIR COOPER, *who already held the Ladies' Salmon-Casting Distance Record of the world with a cast of 40 yards, beat her own record with a cast of 41 yards, and is seen in action. She is the only sister of Lord Glanusk.*

A SAILOR BARONET AND HIS FAMILY.

LADY WARMINGTON, *the wife of Sir Marshall George Clitheroe Warmington, Bt., R.N., is here getting assistance in mowing the lawn from her son,* MARSHALL DENHAM MALCOLM WARMINGTON, *who was born in 1934.*

SIR MARSHALL GEORGE CLITHEROE WARMINGTON, BT., R.N., *and* LADY WARMINGTON *faced the camera together. He is the third Baronet. Before her marriage in 1933 she was Miss Mollie Kennard.*

LADY WARMINGTON *is trying to get her baby daughter,* ANN, *who was born last year, to make a brave crawl across the rug to reach the rattle. Ann is making good progress and seems to enjoy the exercise.*



A delightful snapshot of LADY WARMINGTON *with her children,* MALCOLM *and* ANN. *Lady Warmington is the elder daughter of the late Captain Malcolm Alfred Kennard, R.N. (ret.), of Wonham, Bampton.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

A HUNTIN' GIRL
WHO HAS BEAUTY AND CHIC.

MISS DIANA BETHELL'S *beauty and chic are quite enough to dispel the idea that the Huntin' Girl is bound to look tough and hard-bitten. She is a keen sportswoman and hunts with the Holderness, of which her father is Joint-Master, but she enjoys London gaieties as well as outdoor sports. She is the only daughter of the Hon. Mrs. James Beck and of Captain W. A. V. Bethell, and is a niece of Lord Glenconner.*

THE DAVIS CUP.

By HELEN JACOBS.

In winning Wimbledon, Donald Budge proved that he is, from the standpoint of stroke production, a lawn tennis genius. It took the Davis Cup matches against Germany to prove that he has unlimited courage and tenacity and a superbly level head — qualifications of a great champion. By playing "Bitsy" Grant, instead of Frankie Parker, as second singles, the United States team lessened its chances of victory by a safe margin. The way Henner Henkel has been playing this season, it was almost a foregone conclusion that Grant could not defeat him, but it was by no means certain that Parker would not. The results proved that this prognostication was correct.

Donald Budge had little trouble with Henkel. Even the most confirmed optimist expected nothing else. This was as certain as that Baron von Cramm would dispose of "Bitsy" Grant with little difficulty. But when it came to the doubles, the outcome seemed less certain. The American team had just beaten the German team in the Wimbledon semi-final, and unless we could repeat this victory, we were undoubtedly doomed. In this match, it was largely through the effort of Gene Mako, playing his only part in the inter-zone final, that the American team withstood the German challenge. It is significant of the enormous improvement in Mako's tennis temperament that, apt to be erratic, he steadied in the crucial match and did more than his share.

The Veterans' Doubles at Frinton is a very popular event. Our group shows MR. L. GILL *and* DR. M. J. T. WALLIS, *who defeated* MR. H. COVERDALE, *the ex-England Rugger International, and* MR. C. G. BRITTEN OSBORNE. *The opponents look so affectionate that it should be stated that this photograph was taken before the match! The Frinton-on-Sea lawn tennis tournament is further illustrated on our facing page.*

A Torture Test for Spectators.

The final match of the series was certainly more exciting by virtue of the fact that all hinged upon the result of the meeting between Donald Budge and Gottfried von Cramm, but it was a torture test for German and American supporters of the two players. Never since I have known him have I seen von Cramm produce the tennis that he did against Budge. There was not a flaw in his game; for five long sets he was able to attack, and maintain the courage to try the winning shot against terrific pressure. The manner in which he won the first two sets left no doubt in one's mind that greater tennis had never been seen upon the Centre Court. During this period of the match Budge was certainly not at his best. His impeccable length and accurate forehand were failing him frequently, and his service did not hold its consistent power.

At the interval, when Budge had finally won the third set, the Americans had reason for renewed hope of winning. It was possible that the break in the match might break as well the winning streak of von Cramm. It was almost certain that Budge's advisers would suggest that he attack more, as that was his only hope of success. When he returned for the fourth set he seemed as fresh as his opponent. Up to this point I had the feeling that he was slightly stale, and, if anything, more tired than von Cramm. Now he came back to take the fourth set by attacking firmly and forcing errors from the German player. This was the only stage of the match in which von Cramm seemed to falter, and the match went into the fifth set.

A Miracle Required!

There are few players in the world who could have faced the great German player with any hope at 1—4 down in the final set. Von Cramm's game had returned to its best again, and it seemed that a miracle must occur for Budge to win. At such a point as this, the character of a player is proven. Probably, of all the people around and on the court, the calmest were the two principals. In a way, it is more disturbing to see a big lead vanish, than to be near defeat, as Budge was. The incentive to fight when one is behind is enormous, but it is discouraging to a degree to see a 4—1 lead become 4—4 after coming within a point of 5—3. At 6-all the match became a test of nerves and endurance. Possibly the German player was feeling the strain a bit more than the American, for the break-through came on von Cramm's service. Although Budge was now serving with great force at 7—6, von Cramm managed to save five match points by superb and courageous winning returns before the match ended on the sixth.

None the Worse for Wear.

One might have expected that the players would require assistance from the court after a match of such gruelling character. But they did not seem the worse for wear. Von Cramm's comments on the match were, as always, generous and sporting. He recognised defeat by a greater match player, although his opponent persisted in claiming that he, himself, was lucky to have won. It now remains for the American team to try their fortune against Great Britain. Should they win, it cannot be said that they do not deserve it. And if the Davis Cup returns to the United States, for the first time in nine years, it will not only give us a chance to defend it on home ground, but will give us the added pleasure of attracting to our country many great players whom the American spectators have been deprived of seeing. By holding the Davis Cup, France and England in turn enjoyed a tennis boom. Perhaps our turn will come now.

STAR-TIME AT FRINTON-ON-SEA.

MISS JEAN SAUNDERS *and* MISS VALERIE SCOTT *met* MISS KAY STAMMERS *and* MRS. PITTMAN *in the final of the Ladies' Doubles at Frinton and were defeated after a great three-set tussle. They are lined up, left to right.*

The trio enjoying tea are COMTESSE DE LA VALDÈNE *(formerly Señorita Lili de Alvarez) who won the Ladies' Singles, and* COMMANDER MICHAEL WENTWORTH, R.N., *who partnered* MISS KAY STAMMERS *(right) in the Mixed Doubles.*

A somewhat overloaded boat full of lawn-tennis stars at Frinton! They are (top row, l. to r.) COMMANDER M. WENTWORTH, R.N., MISS ALEX McOSTRICH, MR. G. M. NIALL, *with* MISS KAY STAMMERS *in the centre, below. Seated are (l. to r.)* MR. G. E. BLACKETT, MRS. STRAWSON, MISS OSBORNE, MRS. PITTMAN *and* MISS JESSICA STEVENS.

MISS KAY STAMMERS *(nearest camera) and* MISS ALEX McOSTRICH *were among the lawn-tennis players who found a swim most refreshing after play was over.*

Right: MISS JACQUELINE PARAVICINI, MISS ALEX McOSTRICH, COMTESSE DE LA VALDÈNE, MISS LIVIA PARAVICINI *and* COUNTESS TORATA *enjoyed the beach life of Frinton. The Paravicini girls are daughters of the Swiss Minister.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

CITY OF LONDON SIGNALS.

THE LONDON DIVISIONAL SIGNALS *(City of London Signals), T.A.—full title—has for its Honorary C.O., Lord Pender of Porthcurnow, Cornwall. A comparatively young unit, this Corps traces its origin to the 1st and 2nd London Divisional Signal Companies R.E., T.F., which in the Great War served respectively with the 29th and 56th Divisions in Gallipoli and on the Western Front. It is now mechanised, and has its H.Q. at "Signal House," 20, Atkins Road, S.W.12. The honour of representing the Royal Corps of Signals at Olympia this Coronation Year was awarded to the City of London Signals—the unit which provides the communications of the London Division, Territorial Army.*

TYPICAL BALTIC BEAUTY AND LONDON HOSTESS.

SCHLOSS MOYLAND *is the historic Rhineland home of Baron Gustav Adolf Steengracht von Moyland, the Agricultural Attaché at the German Embassy in London. Most of it was built about 1300, and it was at Schloss Moyland that Frederick the Great and Voltaire first met.*

Another view of SCHLOSS MOYLAND, *showing the moat which contains many lovely water-lilies. Baron and Baronin Steengracht von Moyland have been in London since March, and have a large circle of friends here.*

ILSEMARIE BARONIN STEENGRACHT VON MOYLAND, *who was Baronesse von Hahn, is a typical Baltic beauty, with startlingly blue eyes, dark hair and a lovely complexion. She is here posed on the roof of her flat in Sloane Street.*

TALES WITH A STING.

SAMARITAN.

By MARK HELLINGER.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

HE was a nice kid. Brown curly hair and blue eyes. His name was Perry, and he worked in the post-office of a little town. This post-office was in a drug store, opposite the prescription counter.

The kid works there yet, probably. And there 's no story in his life except one. The one about the little old lady who asked him for mail each and every day.

" Any mail for Jackson ? "

Softly, pleadingly, she asked that question every morning. Rain or shine, winter or summer, she always appeared and asked that one, simple question.

She was old. She always wore a flat, black hat, with ribbon under her chin. The dress she wore was black and heavy and long.

She 'd smile patiently while Perry pretended to look for a letter for her. He knew there wouldn't be any mail for her. There had never been any mail for her at any time.

But, seemingly, she never gave up hope. For each morning, she smiled the same tired smile—and asked the same question.

" No, Mrs. Jackson," Perry would say. " Sorry. No mail to-day."

The smile would fade. Disappointment, or perhaps sorrow, would replace it. Then she 'd shuffle away—and Perry would watch her walk slowly from the drug store. Back to her little room in Johnson's boarding-house.

" Any mail for Jackson ? "

Perry heard that same question so many times that it began to get under his skin. This kid, you see, had a big heart—and no mother. The combination made him unhappy about Mrs. Jackson.

He knew she had very little money. And he was positive that the mail she asked for so patiently was supposed to come from a son. A son who had gone away, and probably had forgotten.

After a while, Perry began to think of writing the old lady a letter. Why not write her one, and put it in the " J " pigeon-hole, and pretend it came from her son ? Mrs. Jackson wouldn't know the difference. And it would probably do much to gladden the old woman's heart.

He didn't try it for some time. He was afraid. He knew it was dangerous to fool with the mail. Finally, however, his fear was overcome by his affection for Mrs. Jackson.

So, sitting at home one night, he wrote the letter. He sat in his room with a ten-dollar bill and some stationery. And this is what he wrote :

" Dearest Mother,—It is a long time since I have been able to write to you. I have been working in far-off places where there are no post-offices. But I 'm going to try to make up for all that in the future.

" Enclosed is a ten-dollar bill. It isn't much, and I only wish it was a million. Soon, maybe, I will be able to make it more.

" Always remember that I love you with all my heart.

" Your devoted Son."

Perry scrawled a return address on the back of the envelope, and then smudged it while it was still wet. In that way, the old lady wouldn't be able to read it. Then, the following morning, in the post-office, he cancelled the stamp and smudged the cancellation mark.

He dropped the letter into the " J " pigeon-hole, and the world seemed very bright indeed. When he saw the old lady shuffle in, he felt a lump in his throat.

" Any mail for Jackson ? "

The same patient smile. The same eyes of hope. Perry trembled as he pretended to search.

" Oh, yes," he said casually. " There is something for you this morning, Mrs. Jackson. Here it is."

Her eyes grew bright, and her hand shook so that she could scarcely lift the envelope. Perry watched her take the letter and stuff it into her black handbag. He felt just a little like weeping.

The ten bucks was important money to that kid. But he didn't care. An old lady was happy. It was a good deed, well done.

In the morning, Mrs. Jackson was back. Her face was radiant. She came to the window and handed Perry an envelope.

" Young man," she squeaked, " perhaps you can help me. Yesterday I received a letter from my dear son." Perry nodded. " Here 's the envelope. I can't seem to make out where it came from. You post-office people know all about those things. Can you address this letter to him for me ? You can ? Oh, thank you so much. You 're very kind."

The old lady went out again, and Perry stuffed her letter into his inside coat pocket. It was like a game now. He could write her again and again, and she would think it was her son. He could hardly wait until he reached home to read her letter.

Finally, the day was over. Perry fairly ran to his room, without stopping to eat. He bolted the door and opened the envelope tenderly.

" Dearest Son," the letter read. " It did my heart good to hear from you again. I had begun to think you had forgotten me. It means a lot to a mother to know that her boy is thinking of her.

" Thank you, dear boy, for the money. I have only a little bit left now, and the money you sent is more than welcome. May God be with you always for being so generous.

" Write me again very soon. And, by the way, I wish you 'd send your letters to me by some other post-office. I seldom get them—and the reason must be that the clerk in our post-office knows you send me money, and steals the letters.

" Your loving Mother."

THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

LYMINGTON YACHT CLUB DEFY SUPERSTITION.

LORD *and* LADY RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL *came to the regatta and are with* CAPTAIN BULLOCK *(centre) in this snapshot. Lady Russell was Miss Joan Ewart.*

Right: COLONEL *the* HON. G. K. M. MASON, D.S.O., M.P., *son of Lord Blackford, is shown with* MISS ANN MASON.

The LYMINGTON YACHT CLUB *are not afraid of defying superstition, for they had thirteen races on their Regatta programme, and it went off successfully, in spite of unpropitious weather.* MISS CARDEN *and* MR. JOHN MAIR *are about to embark.*

The REV. E. WHATELY-SMITH, MISS HODGKINSON, *and* MR. A. WHATELY-SMITH, *who raced "Whimbrel" in the 7-ton-or-under class, faced the camera on the landing-stage.*

Left: ADMIRAL *and* MRS. J. U. FARIE, *who raced "Shuna" in the "L" Class yachts race, are shown well-laden with wraps and a picnic basket.*

Right: *The* HON. DENIS *and* MRS. BERRY *raced "Query" in the Sunbeam class. He is Lord Kemsley's second son and she was Miss Rosemary Rothschild.*

CHINA IN THE NEWS AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH HUMORIST.

"BOY!" *The youthful officer calls his servant.*

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!" *Modern China defaces the god of war with a love-cipher.*

"PEACH BLOSSOM!" *China's flowery similes are not always quite suitable.*

"THE TOUGH GUY." *The coolie dares to light his pipe from a joss-stick.*

DRAWN BY JOHN O'H. ASHDOWN.

DID QUEEN VICTORIA EVER LOOK LIKE THIS?

MADELEINE OZERAY *plays the part of Queen Victoria in* " THE COURT WALTZES," *the French film set in Buckingham Palace at the time when Strauss's waltzes were regarded by many people as a dangerous innovation. Mlle. Ozeray is a charming actress, but it's a question as to whether Queen Victoria ever looked like her. In order to give our readers a chance of coming to a conclusion we publish a still of Mlle. Ozeray's Victoria as a postage stamp of the period. "The Court Waltzes" has just been shown at the Curzon.*

The marriage of MR. R. T. COMBE, *Coldstream Guards, only son of the late Mr. R. T. Combe and Mrs. Combe, to* MISS SHOURNAGH DOROTHY COLTHURST, *younger daughter of Mr. R. St. J. J. Colthurst, of Blarney Castle, Ireland, and Mrs. Colthurst, of Quatt, Bridgenorth, was solemnised at the Guards' Chapel.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

SO the curtain has been rung down on the great Coronation Season. The strange thing about this non-stop run of stately parties, is that no one has been disappointed. Everything has been as splendid as the advance news declared that it would be. The debs have enjoyed themselves, their mothers have endured the long evenings on rout-seats round the ball-rooms with fortitude, and there have been plenty of young men at the dances.

Their Majesties have come through what must have been an incredibly tiring three months without showing the slightest sign of strain. Indeed, at the Garden Party, and when they paid their surprise visit to Covent Garden to see the de Basil Ballet, everyone was struck by the air of youthful and glowing health which characterised the appearance of both the King and the Queen.

They arrived at the Ballet rather late, expressed their regret to the manager that they had been unable to arrive in time for the opening of the programme, and slipped quietly into the Royal Box. Though they were actually there for part of the first ballet, "Les Cent Baisers," it was only after "Francesca da Rimini" had finished that they advanced to the front of the box, where the Queen, who looked well in ivory chiffon and sparkling embroidery, sat and waved her hand in acknowledgment of the rapturous greeting she received from the audience. Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, her sister, sat with the royal party, which also included Mr. Jasper Ridley and Commander Campbell. That night the house also contained Lady Diana Cooper and Lady Mansfield, who occupied adjacent boxes and wore similar wraps of pink chiffon edged with feathers. Lady Diana did not go up to the foyer in the interval, but sat with her back to the auditorium in conversation with other guests in the box which Lady Cunard was using. The Duchess of Westminster was one of these, and later went on to Mrs. James Field's party. She wore a dress of deep plum colour, which showed up her emerald corsage jewel and cluster earrings.

The HON. JULIET FORESTER *was a bridesmaid to Miss Egerton when she married Mr. Harington. She is with her mother,* LADY FORESTER.

There was a very distinguished audience that night—and, as no one knew that their Majesties were going, it was real ballet enthusiasm which brought them. Lady Durham was there, in a pink, fluttery tulle cape over a brightly coloured patterned satin, with Lord Durham and Lady Mary Herbert. The youngest Pearson girl, Daphne (for whom Lord Cowdray is entertaining this Goodwood week at Cowdray), looked well; and so did Grania Guinness, in an old-world white chiffon frock with a blue sash, and "snood" on her bunched-up curls.

. . . . . .

Mrs. James Field's party was one of the last of the season—and one of the best. It was small, but *very* select, with the Duke and Duchess of Kent as guests of honour. The hostess had planned an out-of-doors dinner, but the weather washed out (literally) that notion. However, when the thunderstorm was over the guests could go out and wander in the floodlit pleasaunce, which looked highly romantic. There was a Tzigane band to dance to, and all the best-looking women of the day to dance with. Lady Milbanke, in white; Lady Louis Mountbatten, in a flowered chiffon; the hostess in deep blue and sequins; the Duchess of Buccleuch, in white with fine diamonds; and Lady Nunburnholme and Lady Haddington, were among them. It would have indeed been a poser to decide on the belle of the evening!

MR. VERNON HARINGTON, *elder son of the late his Honour Edward Harington and of Mrs. Harington, married* MISS MARY ELIZABETH EGERTON, *daughter of the late Mr. Louis Egerton and of Mrs. Roland Wilberforce, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.*

. . . . .

On Wednesday I enjoyed an unusual party, as I was invited by Sir Patrick and Lady Hannon to see the historic "swan-upping" ceremony from their lovely home on Magna Charta Island. Actually, we did not see the "upping," which consists of making nicks in the young swans' bills to mark those of the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies and to distinguish them from the royal birds. This has to be done in quiet, so the cygnets are sought out in backwaters; but we saw the King's Swan-keeper (Freddie Turk) arrive with his "henchmen" and those of the two companies, six boatloads in all, the Keeper in a scarlet blazer and peaked cap, through which a swan's feather was drawn, and with a badge on his arm to denote his rank, and the men in white trousers with red, dark-blue, or white jerseys, according to whether they were royal, Dyers', or Vintners' men. The Keeper and his men landed on Magna Charta Island, and through a loud-speaker Mr. Turk explained his job.

PATRICIA *(r.) and* MARY BOWES-LYON, *twin daughters of the Hon. Michael and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, and nieces of H.M. the Queen, were bridesmaids at the marriage of Mr. Harington and Miss Egerton.*

There guests saw, among other things, the exact spot where King John signed Magna Charta, which is marked by a small round room full of historic mementos. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain was there, asking questions about every detail; and Buffy, Lady Hannon's favourite Peke, came in for a lot of attention. Lunch was served on the lawns, where we admired the wonderful specimens of topiary. I have never before seen

such elaborate and clever ones. The entwined circles made one quite giddy, even before lunch !

It 's considered lucky that a baby should cry during the christening ceremony, but only the tiniest whimper could be heard when Father Woodlock sprinkled Jordan water from a silver shell on the dark head of Miss Frances Helen Sweeny in the white flower font at Brompton Oratory. Mrs. Charles Sweeny's infant daughter has started life as the possessor of a lovely diamond bracelet, with a centre in the form of a rose—presented by Mrs. Sweeny senior. The former Margaret Whigham looked as lovely as ever in black chiffon and lace, with a large black picture hat, two diamond clips, and two silver foxes, and the grandmother (who looks too young to be a Grannie !) was in a white coat over navy blue, and a large white hat. The godparents included two shy godfathers, Lord Queensberry and Count John Bendern, and one less shy, Mr. Robert Sweeny, and two decorative godmothers, Lady Bridgett Poulett and Miss Jeanne Stourton. The latter held the baby during the ceremony.

The training of the Ashnur dancers has been based on the Margaret Morris system, so it was highly suitable that Miss Morris should give a party at the Fortune Theatre at the close of their brief season there. It was graced by the presence of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, who also had a personal interest in the gathering as she 's a great believer in the Margaret Morris movement, and her pupils are taught the exercises at her lawn-tennis school in Paris. She 's also written a book on the exercises as an essential for lawn-tennis players—as a matter of fact, it 's a joint work with Miss Morris. But to return to Lenglen, when I say she graced the party, I use the word in the literal sense, for she 's a vivid example of elegance and grace in all her movements, and the way she stands is an example in deportment—it 's so straight and yet so easy. She wore a severely tailored evening dress and coat, which had Paris and the *grand couturier* written all over it.

Miss Margaret Morris herself had a becoming rose-coloured dress. When all her numerous engagements are over (only for a few weeks, though !) she will go to the Cap d'Antibes. There were many notabilities of the athletic world at her party, but Mr. Ethelbert White was one of the few artists present. He and Mrs. White are not rushing off to the ends of the earth as they often do for holidays, but are staying in London for August, as he is having a show in the early autumn and must work hard. Besides being a distinguished artist, Mr. White is a good musician, and sings and plays the guitar admirably.

Lights of art and literature gathered at the cocktail-party given by Mr. E. H. Shepard at the Sporting Galleries, where his drawings for Laurence Housman's " Victoria Regina " and " Golden Sovereign " are on exhibition. Pamela Stanley, who plays the Queen in " Victoria Regina " at the Lyric, was there, looking so unlike her regal stage self that it is impossible to understand how the transformation takes place ! She wore a black dress with brightly coloured wool flowers on it. Many of the " Victoria Regina " originals seemed to have been already sold, and when I saw Pamela Stanley she was choosing one as a present for Carl Esmond, her Albert of the play. The picture was " Anniversary, 1862," striking the note of conjugal fidelity. I also observed a prelate asking for her autograph ; not a stage prelate, either. In fact, it was the Bishop of Lahore. David Low was there admiring the work of a fellow black-and-white artist and cartoonist. It appears that he was unfortunately unable to bring Colonel Blimp, a simple costume of a Turkish bath towel, though charming, not being *de rigueur* in Jermyn Street, however warm the atmosphere becomes. Other celebrities were Robert Byron, E. V. Knox, and Sir Bernard Partridge, of *Punch*, " Fougasse," well known to *Sketch* readers, and George Belcher.

" Week-ends at Deauville in July," writes my gadabout Continental spy, " are delightfully informal compared with the rather *avant-guerre* air of August, when clothes are changed several times a day owing to beach life being followed by racing, by polo and, finally, by casino. July is a ' let-up ' both for Parisiennes in search of Channel air, and for yachting English who breeze over between Sandown and Goodwood. A number of well-knowns have got here under their own steam, including the Sutherlands in their yacht ; Sir Anthony Weldon, Lady Ursula Manners, the Franklin Singers, and (on board another palatial yacht, in which they recently entertained Mr. Anthony Eden) Lord and Lady Kemsley. Lady Kemsley's sister, Mme. van der Heyden a Hauzeur, who shares her *chic*, height, and other characteristics, has been at Deauville for some time. Her husband used to shoot with the Franco-Belgian syndicate at Glenogil, Lord Forres' place, and is just off to Scotland with the Belgian Ambassador." — MARIEGOLD

The engagement of PRINCE LUDWIG VON HESSEN UND BEI RHEIN, *second son of the Grand Duke von Hessen und bei Rhein, Darmstadt, and* MISS MARGARET CAMPBELL GEDDES, *daughter of Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes, has been announced.*

The marriage of LADY MABEL JOCELYN, *younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Roden, of Tullymore Park, Co. Down, to* MR. RICHARD NEVILLE BROOKE, *only son of Sir Richard and Lady Brooke, of Norton Priory, Cheshire, was solemnised at St. George's, Hanover Square.*

Few Londoners own a garden large enough to entertain such an impressive number of guests as those shown in our snapshot of the lunch given by LADY PEEK *and her son,* SIR FRANCIS PEEK, BT., *at Ebury Manor, Ebury Street, a beautiful eighteenth-century building.*

The christening of the infant daughter of MRS. CHARLES SWEENY *(formerly Miss Margaret Whigham) took place at Brompton Oratory. The baby received the names of* FRANCES HELEN.

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT, *only daughter of Sylvia, Countess Poulett, and sister of Earl Poulett, is posed on the balcony of her mother's flat in the new luxury block in Chesham Place.*

LADY SWINFEN, *formerly Miss Mary Farmar, married the second Lord Swinfen this year. She has a charming garden in her house in South Kensington.*

BALCONY, GARDEN AND DRAWING-ROOM.

(Left) VISCOUNTESS CARLOW, *formerly Miss Peggy Cambie, is the wife of Viscount Carlow, only son of the Earl of Portarlington, and is a bride of the year. She is in the drawing-room of her house in Westminster Gardens.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE HAYDON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE HAYDON.

EXPLORER'S WIFE LOOKS DOWN THE THAMES.

MRS. PETER FLEMING, *wife of the explorer and author, Mr. Peter Fleming, whose books, " Brazilian Adventure," " One 's Company," and " News from Tartary," have had such a big success, was Miss Celia Johnson, the young actress. She is looking down the Thames from her flat in More's Garden, Chelsea.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

OFFICER-CADET D. L. BIRNEY—FOR WINNING THE KING'S PRIZE THOUGH HE FANCIED HIMSELF SO LITTLE THAT HE WAS UNCERTAIN WHETHER TO GO TO BISLEY OR NOT.

LT.-COMMANDER W. P. HASTIE, R.N.R.—FOR LAUNCHING HIMSELF—AND WITHOUT BREAKING A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE AS HE DOES SO.

LT.-COMMANDER W. P. HASTIE, R.N., launches himself from the chute in the Wood Green Open Air Baths and, in the form of a human yacht, sails about in the water. He does this by attaching to himself a large piece of cork fitted with sails; and using his hands as a rudder. He claims that non-swimmers are perfectly safe enjoying this form of yachting for sportsmen with small incomes.

THE furnishings and decoration on board the Sopwiths' new 1612-ton motor-yacht "Philante" are Spanish in style, and have been designed by MRS. SOPWITH to look as "unshiplike" as possible.

OFFICER-CADET D. L. BIRNEY, aged twenty-three, who is articled to a firm of London solicitors, entered for the King's Prize, but a fortnight before the event he fancied his chances so little that he was uncertain whether to go to Bisley at all. He did, and won the King's Prize with a display of brilliant shooting. His military qualification for entry is that he was an Officer-Cadet in Cambridge University O.T.C.

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, M.P.—FOR MAKING THE WHOLE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS LAUGH OVER HER *bon mot.*

DURING the debate in the House of Commons Mr. Duff Cooper explained the alleged German Submarine incident. VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, on hearing his statement, remarked, "Another war gone west," and the whole House laughed delightedly at this sally.

MRS. T. O. M. SOPWITH *(here seen with Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith)*—FOR HAVING A FOUR-POSTER BED WORTHY OF A SPANISH PALACE IN HER CABIN ON BOARD THE YACHT "PHILANTE."

CAPTAIN A. S. WILCOCKSON, *Commander of the "Caledonia," of Atlantic Flight fame (seen with Mrs. Wilcockson and Captain and Mrs. Powell)*—FOR REFUSING A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY.

CAPTAIN WILCOCKSON, pilot of the Empire flying boat "Caledonia," which made such a successful experimental Atlantic flight for Imperial Airways, won as a prize at a Hythe dance two tickets for an air trip to the Isle of Wight and back. He returned them, saying that perhaps someone else would enjoy it more than he would.

MR. CHARLES GUNNER, of Egham, has copied "Windsor Castle" into a book with 100 pages $\frac{3}{8}$ an inch square. It took him three months to complete this masterpiece, and he then went to six bookbinders before he could find one to undertake the binding. H.M. the Queen has accepted the book.

MR. CHARLES GUNNER—FOR PUTTING THE WHOLE OF HARRISON AINSWORTH'S "WINDSOR CASTLE" INTO THIS MINUTE VOLUME FOR HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ONE OF THE LOVELIEST WOMEN ON THE BRITISH STAGE.

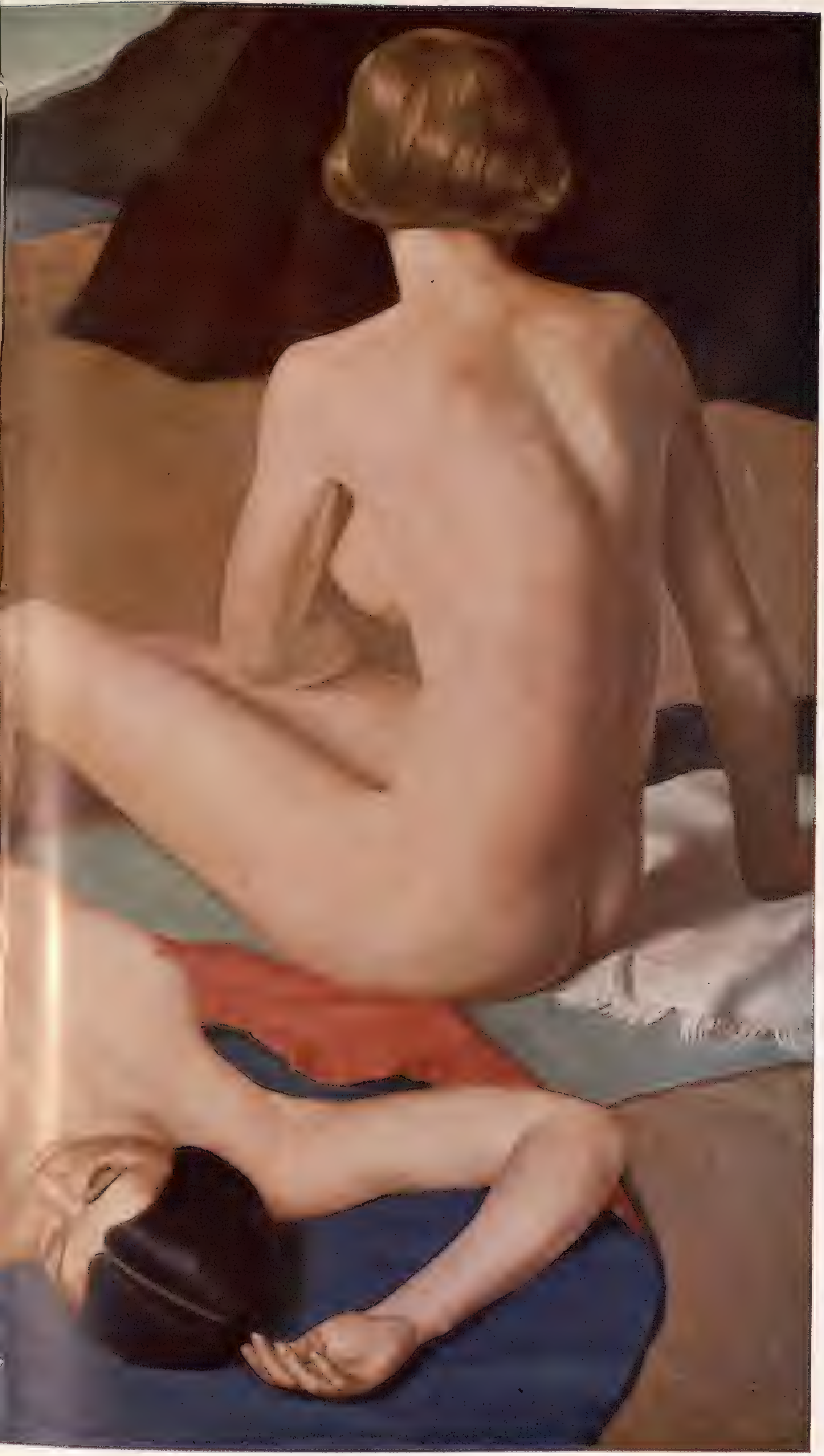
Lovely DIANA WYNYARD came back to London about three weeks ago from Paris. She and the company who played "Candida" so successfully at the Globe, gave it in English for five nights at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, under the auspices of the British Section of the Paris Exhibition.

NECTRIC COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON.

THE SUN BATHERS: BY L. M. GLASSON.

Lance
Royal
which

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of this paper

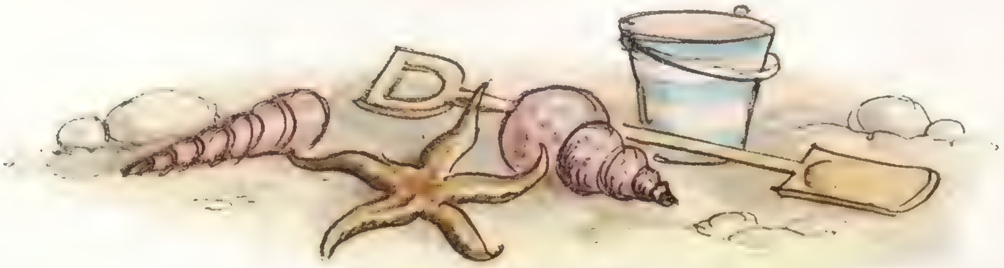


M. Glasson is well known for his delightful pictures of outdoor girls. "The Young Rower" was his only exhibit in the
demy of 1932, and created something of a sensation. In the following year he showed "The Four," another study of oarswomen,
s reproduced in colour in "The Sketch" in the same year. "The Sun Bathers" was on view in the 1935 Royal Academy.
llustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.) at the price of 10s. 6d. each. Signed artist's proofs 20s. each. Postage 6d. extra.

Bathing Song

(To the tune of "What are the Wild Waves Saying?")

"What are the wild waves saying,
Brother, the whole day long?
What is the tune they're playing—
Is it a popular song?"
"'Popular' just describes it,
And the message is also true,
For my medical man prescribes it—
Guinness is Good for You."



G.E. 679

CORNISH DÉCOR FOR DU MAURIERS.

Right: LADY DU MAURIER *(centre), widow of the distinguished actor-manager, Sir Gerald du Maurier, spends a great deal of her time at her Cornish home, Ferryside, Bodinninck, Fowey. She is with her unmarried daughters in this boating snapshot.*

MRS. BROWNING, *the wife of Col. Browning, writes under her maiden name of Daphne du Maurier. She is the mother of two charming children,* TESSA *and* FLAVIA, *and is here posed with them and Wendy, the Peke. Her books include "Gerald," a biography of her father, and "The du Mauriers," a history of her family.*

LADY DU MAURIER, *formerly Miss Muriel Beaumont, is devoted to the Peke, Wendy, who is facing the camera with a highly disdainful expression.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS COMPTON COLLIER.

ONE OF THE LAST CORONATION SEASON BALLS.

The THEATRICAL SUPPER-PARTY AND BALL *at the Dorchester, in aid of the Vic-Wells Completion Fund, was one of the last of the Coronation Season Balls. The* MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE, *the* EARL OF LYTTON, *and* MARY, COUNTESS HOWE *are seen at supper (l. to r.).*

LADY ROSE PAGET, *fourth daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey, sat next to* LORD HOWLAND, *elder son of the Marquess of Tavistock.*

Right: LADY ELIZABETH PAGET, *second daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey, was a guest.*

CAPTAIN LYTTELTON *is explaining something to* VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN, *who is a Lady of the Bedchamber to H.M. the Queen.*

VISCOUNT HAMBLEDEN *sat next to* LADY JULIET DUFF. *She is the mother of Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, Bt.*

H.M. KING CAROL OF RUMANIA *attended the supper-party and dance, and made a gift to the Fund. He is with* MISS DOROTHY DICKSON.

Last week's Buckingham Palace Garden-Party marked the close of Coronation Season. As usual, their Majesties and the members of the royal circle moved among their guests for a considerable time. This group pictures them when slightly withdrawn from the crowd. It shows H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT *(grey top-hat and holding gloves)*, H.M. THE QUEEN *greeting a guest*, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, H.M. QUEEN MARY, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, *and the* EARL OF HAREWOOD *(l. to r.)*

Here, H.M. THE QUEEN *is seen in the centre of the crowd, chatting with some specially honoured guests. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth was unable to attend the party as she had hurt her knee as the result of a fall from her bicycle. Her condition was happily not at all serious.*

AMID THE CROWD AND SLIGHTLY WITHDRAWN: THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE GARDEN-PARTY.

Ladies' Polo Day at Ranelagh took place last week, when Rugby won the Ladies' Inter-Club Invitation Cup. Ranelagh defeated the FERNE "B" TEAM, *which consisted of* MISS PAMELA DENISON-PENDER, MISS JOAN LANYON, MISS PAT KELLY, *and* MISS BETTY KELLY *(l. to r.). Everyone was struck by the high standard of play and the pace of the games.*

An incident in the match between FERNE "B" TEAM *and* RANELAGH. *Ranelagh won.*

Right: MISS B. BALDING, *of the Rugby team (left), and* MRS. JOHN BOTT, *are seen in a race for the ball in the Rugby v. Ranelagh final.*

MISS NELL CAMPBELL, *of the Ferne "A" team, is making a hit during a chase downfield, with opponents in full cry.*

Ranelagh defeated Ferne "B." It consists of MRS. PHILIP FLEMING, *the* HON. MRS. MURRAY, LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY, *and* MRS. JOHN BOTT.

MISS JUDY FORWOOD *(Rugby; left) is striking the ball, and the* HON. MRS. MURRAY *(Ranelagh) is shown on the right.*

LADIES' POLO DAY AT RANELAGH: HARD-

The HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL is seen scoring for Rugby, opposed by MISS KIT TATHAM-WARTER (Ferne "A" team).

The FERNE "A" TEAM were defeated by Rugby. The side consists of MISS JOAN LYSLEY, MISS DIANA BELL, MISS NELL CAMPBELL, and MISS KIT TATHAM-WARTER (l. to r.).

MISS BETTY KELLY and MISS PAMELA DENISON-PENDER are leading an attack on the Ranelagh goal when playing for Ferne "B" team.

MISS F. PHILIPS, of the Rugby team, and MISS K. TATHAM-WARTER, of the Ferne "A" team, are the players in this fine action snapshot.

The Rugby team beat Ranelagh in the final. They were the HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL, MISS F. PHILIPS, MISS B. BALDING, and MISS JUDY FORWOOD.

RIDING GIRLS IN THE INTER-CLUB CUP.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

THE new ballet, "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI," which Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes have added to their programme at Covent Garden, employs the music of Tchaikovsky and weaves into its dynamic pattern a lyrical trio of exceptional beauty. There is something of the macabre, something in music and interpretation, both violent and exciting, in the opening and closing scenes which provide the mood of the turbulent Renaissance background against which the tender and tragic idyll is set, and it is in this passage of romance, where Paolo and Francesca see the vision of Lancelot and Guinevere, that movement and music blend so perfectly. For in the whirlwind opening dictated by Tchaikovsky's tone-poem, the narrative lacks opportunity to come to expression, and though the choreography is rich in invention, it is never eloquent. But when Lichine is handling the more tractable music in the second scene, he reveals poetic and imaginative powers of a high order. Mme. Tchernicheva is a superb mime, and endows Francesca with a tragic intensity. Horror and beauty effectively contrast in this story of uncontrolled jealousy, and every movement is significant, every action is dramatic, while the conflicting passions and sharp changes heighten the effect. She had an admirable partner in M. Petroff, as Paolo. The vision was exquisitely described by Mme. Danilova and M. Jasinsky, and the villainy and sinister forces were vividly depicted by M. Platoff as the evil brother, and M. Borovansky as his malign creature. There is an episode of lovely dancing in the masque led by Mlle. Riabouchinska, while the *corps de ballet* are at their brilliant best in the wild excitement which brings the tale to its climax and conclusion. Add to the swift movement of both dance and music the decorative costumes and settings of Mr. Oliver Messel and you have a reason for the ballet's pronounced success. The infinite variety of its expressive detail, the juxtaposition of clamorous energy and idyllic serenity, the skilful development of the theme, and the vivid accentuations which the *décor* provides, make "Francesca da Rimini" a ballet that cannot fail to delight.

The Coliseum has staged many successful spectacular entertainments, but in "ST. MORITZ" it has excelled itself. Here is something new in entertainment, something wholly delightful, something that will draw the town to watch the wonderful skating on the ice-rink, and to listen to the yodellers in the hotel lounge. The whole show is ingeniously contrived, for, lest it should be we should say "There's too much skating"—a baseless fear, as all must agree—the programme in the second part moves from the rink indoors, where we get a vigorous, full-blooded music-hall entertainment, which includes those amusing comedians the Gaudsmith Brothers, with their clever poodles, and, above all, the St. Moritz Kiddies and Gritli Wengen, accompanied by Hans Schärlig on the accordion, in their yodel solos. The little boy won every heart with his smile. But it is the skating that makes the picture. Between the balconies of two Swiss hotels, with snowy mountains rising in the background, stretches the ice-stage, and daylight and moonlight each afford their spectacular effects. From the moment the skaters take to the ice, the scene is alive. It is so varied, so brilliant in execution, so full of colour and so gay and so lovely to watch. There is marching, dancing, humorous diversions, acrobatics, and thrilling solo displays. It matters not whether it is an exhibition of speed, a pageant of colour, a freakish trick or a ballet, every item is a reward. With what exquisite grace Miss Pamela Prior moves, swift and unerring in her flight as a bird. How finely Mr. Erich Erdos glides, with effortless ease and perfect poise. How charming are Miss Trudie Link and Miss Heta Witte, and how accomplished and how refreshing and pleasing is the acrobatic trio, Miss Chapman, Miss Martindale, and Miss Kinnaird. But there is none more brilliant or more daring than Mr. Hermann Steinschaden, who takes the stage on stilts and, with consummate skill, does the most astonishing feats. The programme comes to its triumphant conclusion when the whole vast company mingle in intricate patterns as they skate on the revolving stage while the lights and snowflakes play upon them. Truly Sir Oswald Stoll is to be congratulated, for he has brought beauty, talent, and grace together in an eager entertainment full of variety, colour, and humour, novel in its character and continuously delightful as a spectacle.

The present programme at the Open Air Theatre is, I make bold to say, the most perfect of all for the natural scene in which it is set. Milton's "COMUS," that tale of the lovely maid lost in the enchanted glade, told in such melodious verse, and fashioned as a masque for our exquisite pleasure, could not be more bewitching, more æsthetically satisfying, than in its presentation on this grassy sward beneath the trees. It is a welcome revival for, though the first performance suffered through the thundery weather, there were snatches enough to remind us that, given a warm summer's evening, and such an attendant spirit as Mr. Leslie French to watch over so lovely a lady as Miss Fay Compton, with the splendour of the speech, the delights of Mr. Atkins's production, and the decorations of the ballet led by Miss Theilade, we have the perfect open-air theatre entertainment.—G.F.H.

The London Coliseum is transformed into an Ice Rink for two acts of "ST. MORITZ," *the parts in the New York Hippodrome productions and also at the famous Admiral's and Berlin a coveted European honour. His stilt-skating is amazing. "Clair de Lune" is the title of Carnival scene.* PAMELA PRIOR *took the Bronze, Silver and Gold National Skating Medals in Championship of 1937.* ERICH EDROS *has been three times Amateur Champion of*

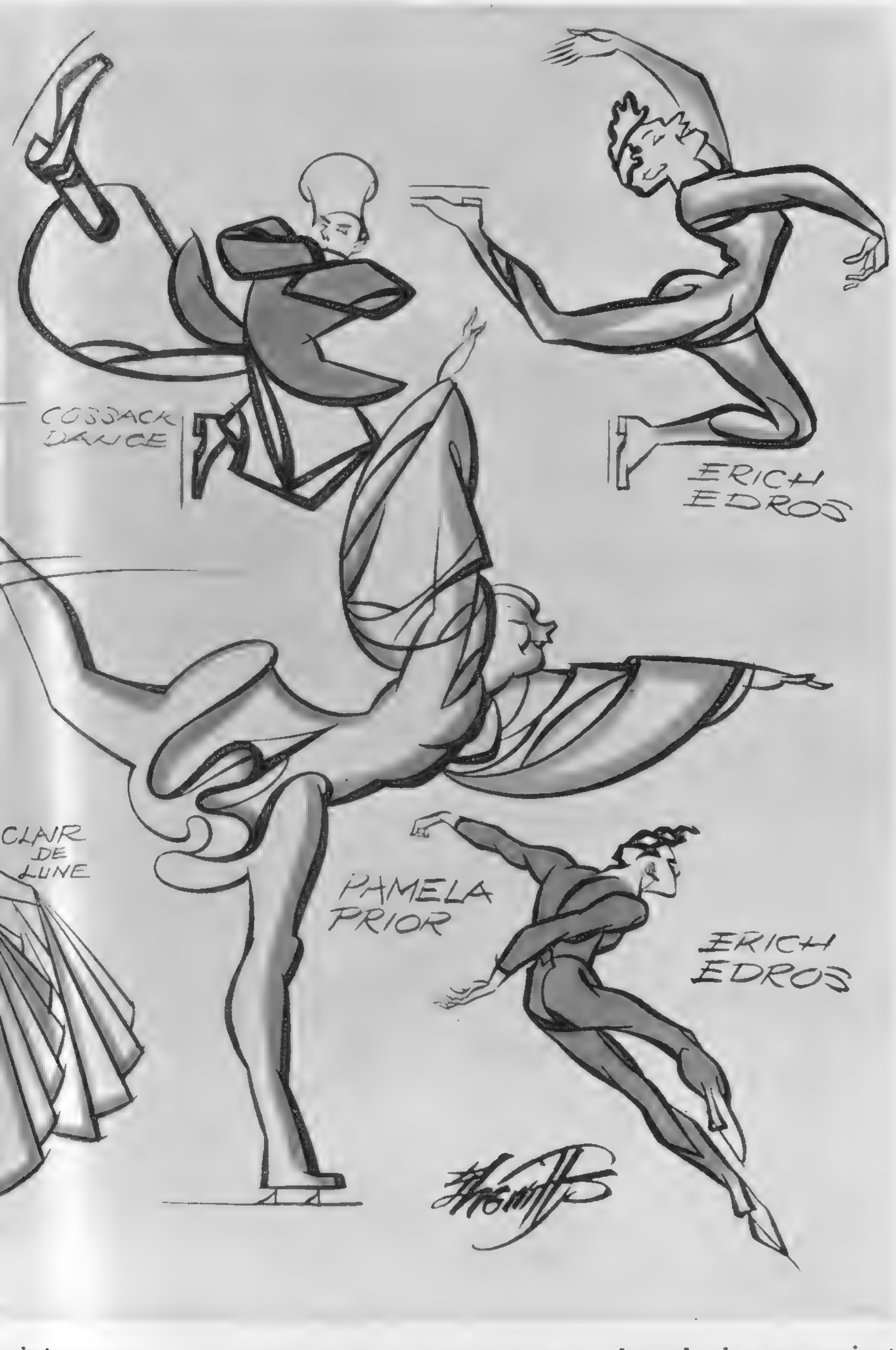
PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—"JUDGMENT DAY" (Phœnix). 8.30.—"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—**PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—"THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (Globe). 8.30.—"FLOODLIGHT" (Saville). 8.30.—"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" (Cambridge). 8.40.—"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—MILTON'S "COMUS" (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park).
While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE Academy's announcement of a new Jewish comedy that has found its way from Warsaw to London *via* New York, where it has been breaking records on Broadway, could not fail to evoke memories of the famous partners in "Potash and Perlmutter," but "YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE" proves to be of totally different calibre. It is a light-hearted tale of the open road and of good companions who earn their living with fiddle, flute and 'cello. It is designed to exploit the personality of Molly Picon, a comedienne who sings delightfully, acts well, and whose drolleries have the touch of pathos of the true clown. She sets out on her adventures with her impoverished father, the 'cellist, in a boy's kit, and finds it, as many a heroine has done before her, an impediment to romance when two rival minstrels join up to form the "philharmonic orchestra" of the streets. A vocalist is added to the concert party in the person of an unwilling bride boldly filched from her own wedding feast. She it is who, all unwittingly, forces "Yiddle" to discard her travesty and to face a cabaret audience with an impromptu "turn" that brings the house down. Fundamentally kin to a score of musical romances, the piece has been given an exhilarating impetus by clever and economical direction. It travels blithely through enchanting rural settings and small towns. The minstrels are a jolly crew, admirably characterised by the Polish actors and enlivened by the bombast of a boastful flautist. Molly Picon, with no claims to conventional beauty, is an entertainment in herself, resourceful, very much alive, and something entirely new in screen stars.



skating spectacle just produced there. HANS *and* HETA WITTE *have played many prominent Sports Palast.* HERMANN STEINSCHADEN *is the winner of the Senior Bavarian Championship, an effective skating ballet, and the Cossacks' Dance is one of the high-lights of the Midnight record time; was selected for the British Olympic Team in 1936, and won the World Professional Europe, and was the winner of the University Championship at St. Moritz in 1935.*

Sir James Barrie's comedy "QUALITY STREET" (New Gallery) is as pretty a piece of sentiment as you could wish for on a summer's day. Its thistledown story has the fragrance of roses and lavender; its settings in cool parlour, quiet garden or the narrow street where faces peer between discreet curtains to spy on the interrupted romance of the dashing Dr. Valentine Brown and Phœbe of the Ringlets have an old-world charm to which full justice has been done in a polished adaptation. The younger of the two Misses Throssel, it will be remembered, tremulously awaits an "offer" from the doctor, who, however, goes off to the Napoleonic Wars, his budding affection nipped by a martial spirit. Ten years later he returns, more dashing than ever in his uniform, to find a faded Phœbe, whom he fails to recognise when she dons the muslins of her lost youth and sets a trap for a tardy lover. The game of cross-purposes, in which inquisitive gossips take an active part, is perhaps a trifle too prolonged, but it is played with a dainty precision that creates the atmosphere of its period, whilst the constant ripple of Barrie-esque humour quickens the gentle current of the comedy. It is fluently directed by George Stevens, and provides Katharine Hepburn with a part of varying moods which she handles skilfully. She is pathetic in her school-teacher's sedate serge, delicious in dimity; she sighs, she sparkles, and if one regrets the stormy strength of the earlier Hepburn, one can but admire the emotional control she has acquired. Franchot Tone, as Valentine Brown, supports her gallantly and invests his elegant portrait of a beau with sincerity as well as authority; and the elder Miss Throssel, so bewildered by her scholastic duties and Phœbe's escapade, is beautifully played by Fay Bainter.

If you would recapture the thrills of a great adventure that made Rider Haggard's story of a search for fabulous treasure in the heart of Africa a giant amongst best-sellers, by all means see the Gaumont-British picture based upon the famous book. "KING SOLOMON'S MINES" (Gaumont, Haymarket) is, as it should be, a grand piece of showmanship, spectacular, exciting, and staged on an impressive scale. The perilous trek of the white hunters, diverted from their original itinerary by an obstinate Irish girl in search of her enterprising father, and a stalwart native in search of his lost throne, is developed with unflagging zest and well-sustained suspense against the mighty backgrounds secured by Geoffrey Barkas in the Kalahari Desert, the Drakensberg Mountains and the Valley of a Thousand Hills. We may smile at the vocal contributions of Umbopa, the princely porter, to a dangerous journey. We may doubt if even Paul Robeson could find sufficient breath, after almost dying of thirst in the waterless desert, to send his voice echoing superbly through the mountains the while he climbs their craggy flanks. But to deny Mr. Robeson his songs would be a paltry pandering to probability, and this rousing traveller's tale is not, after all, to be measured with the footrule of cold fact. It is enough that the vast crowd of befeathered natives who swarm around the usurper's kraal and work themselves up to a fine frenzy in their voodoo rites can set our pulses beating; that the sun's most timely eclipse, ascribed to white man's magic, remains an effective theatrical device. The picture sweeps along under the bold direction of Robert Stevenson, to the amazing technical achievement of its climax with studio shots and authentic exteriors smoothly blended. Though Sir Cedric Hardwicke's Quatermain and Paul Robeson's Umbopa dominate the action, into which Roland Young neatly slips his humorous sallies, a special word of praise is due to Sydney Fairbrother as the sinister and ancient witch Gagool.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—"YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE" (Academy).—"KING SOLOMON'S MINES" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—**FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "I MET HIM IN PARIS" (Carlton).—"BEHIND YOUR BACK" (Carlton).—"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—"QUALITY STREET" (New Gallery).—**FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE:** "THE LILAC DOMINO" (London Pavilion).—"DER HERRSCHER" (Berkeley Cinema).—"ON THE AVENUE" (Regal).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

JUNE 6, 1934.

FEBRUARY 16, 1937.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1935.

THE EVOLUTION OF FILM STAR ANN TODD.

MISS ANN TODD, *the brilliant young actress-wife of Mr. Victor Malcolm, son of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, is one of the busiest of our young screen stars. Having played opposite to Clive Brook in " Action for Slander," and opposite to Edmund Lowe in " The Squeaker," she is shortly to star in " South Riding " as Muriel, the mad wife of Robert Carne (Ralph Richardson). It is interesting to trace the evolution of so young a star, and on this page we give photographs of Miss Ann Todd as she was, and as she is to-day. In one photograph Mrs. Malcolm (Ann Todd) is seen with baby David Malcolm, who was born on November 15, 1936.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE HEATON.

17th - CENTURY PORTRAIT TAKEN IN 1937.

MISS MARY SKEAPING, *the English dancer, is here posed in a seventeenth-century costume designed by André Derain, the French artist, for " Harlequin in the Street," the ballet by Frederick Ashton, which was given at the Ambassadors this year, and also performed at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Miss Skeaping, who is the sister of John Skeaping, the distinguished sculptor and animal artist, has been giving Merle Oberon dancing lessons in preparation for her new Technicolor Film.*

Strong-room in Charterhouse Street. A tense moment, waiting for the gelignite to act. "Bugs" (DAVID BURNS); Georg; John Fothergill (crouching); Di Hopkins and Cees Laseur, l. to r. Barré Lyndon's other crook play is in its second year at the Savoy.

OWEN NARES—BOGUS CRACKSMAN.

Right: "THEY CAME BY NIGHT," *at the Globe, features a harmless jeweller involved with cracksmen in a bullion robbery. John Fothergill, jeweller, touches off the burglar buzzer, runs home to his shop, followed by the gang. L. to r.: Carl Vollaire, head crook* (CEES LASEUR); *Sally Grosvenor, John's fiancée* (URSULA JEANS); *Georg Schwettel, dope-fiend* (CARL JAFFE); *Di Hopkins* (ALEXANDER FIELD); *and John Fothergill* (OWEN NARES).

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

HOW simple life would be if only we could live in woollies all the time. Simple because "Braemar" have done all the worrying, with the result that their new autumn Knitwear is so superlative that it just has to be seen to be believed. Their pure Cashmere is as gloriously soft as ever: the originality of their designs is even more apparent: and the new colours that they have added to their wonderful range are an inspiration. You should certainly make a point of seeing them for yourself, so send a card to the makers of "Braemar" Knitwear—Innes, Henderson and Co., of Hawick, Scotland, if you do not know the name of your nearest "Braemar" retailer.

JOHN EVERARD

HERE are three new "Braemar" designs for the woman who insists on looking as *chic* in the country as she does in town. At the head of the page we have photographed a twin set in pure Cashmere, seductively soft and most perfectly shaped. The moss-green sweater is short-sleeved, with a round ribbed neck, and the cardigan has a new fly front which completely hides the buttons.

The girl immediately above is wearing a Shetland snugcoat with a waistcoat front and a high-breast pocket. This is made in natural Shetland shades and in many other colours, and is gloriously warm.

The third girl, on the right, wears a pure Cashmere snugcoat boldly ribbed, with a plain turned-down collar and a fly front. If you want more sporting or more formal knitwear, or if you want suits, you will find that "Braemar" makes them all with incomparable distinction.

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR HOLIDAY

The less luggage you take the More Successful you will be

A light and comfortable hat is a first necessity. This girl wears one that comes from Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, W. In tweed, it costs 25s., made to measure, it has a brim which rolls up at each side and disappears at the back, and it matches her seven-eighths-length sports-raglan coat, worn with a matching skirt. These, too, come from Henry Heath. The price of the coat is from six guineas, while the skirt is made to measure and the cost depends on the tweed chosen.

THERE'S one good thing about spending a holiday touring in a car—you need not worry much about clothes, for the less you take the better, not only for your own peace of mind but for the comfort of other passengers. We will take it for granted that you will be covering a lot of ground and that you will be spending nights sometimes at small country inns and sometimes at luxury hotels. That sometimes you will linger for a few days in a tiny village, and that you will spend others by the sea, at large or small resorts.

Here, then, are the clothes that you must have if you are to be happy and comfortable. And if you can't pack them all into one large suitcase there must be something wrong with your packing! In any case, please don't be tempted to add things just in case you may want them. It is far easier to achieve success with a few clothes than with a host, and on a holiday, endless variety is not nearly so important as slick effectiveness.

Unless it is terribly hot, travel in a tweed suit, with a matching overcoat. Take also a pair of slacks that you can wear with the jacket, and several cotton shirts. For really warm days pack a tailored dress of uncrushable fabric—the sort that you wear at week-ends.

Slip in a simple frock of plain or printed silk, for you will find it refreshing to change for dinner even if you are staying at a country pub, and then, for more grand occasions, choose a lace dress that can be worn either for dinner or for dancing.

For the rest, include either white shorts and shirt if you are a keen tennis player, or a play-suit in gay printed cotton, which has the advantage of remaining fresh-looking for a longer time. Add a couple of swim suits, and one of those cotton coats that are equally good as a dressing-gown or a beach wrap, and you'll need practically nothing else except shoes and underclothes.

The great thing is to keep to one basic colour and to achieve variety through accessories which take up little room. If your suit is mainly brown, use pale coral, aquamarine, rust, vivid green, or chamois to liven it up. If it is navy blue, wear with it hyacinth blue, white, cherry, buttercup yellow, or purple. Wear flowers instead of jewels at night: fill in odd corners with bright scarves and handkerchiefs: and don't forget a really capacious handbag. There is nothing like being really practical if you want to enjoy every minute of your holiday; but there is no earthly reason why you should look it. Be gay while you can, and leave your accessories to tell the world about it.

TOURING IN COMFORT WITH ONLY ONE SUITCASE

JOHN EVERARD

HERE is a suit that would be grand not only for touring but for wearing right through the autumn. Made in Donerin herring-bone tweed, in a black, blue, and dark or light-brown mixture, the neat fitting jacket has high curved revers and slit pockets, the skirt has a pleat at each side of the front panel, and the top-coat is belted and is full enough to be thoroughly warm and comfortable. But almost the best thing of all is the price, 6½ guineas complete. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.1, where the debonair felt hat costs 21s. 9d.

THE sort of dress that nobody should ever be without is photographed on the right. Simple in line, it has a lightness and charm that makes it very easy to wear. In fine black lace, with an attractive shoulder line, its only adornment is a row of little velvet bows down the front and a wide velvet belt at the waist. All the same, it needs only a flower in the hair, and perhaps a wide bracelet, to turn it into a dance dress that will not be outshone by any of its grander neighbours. You can get it in several other colours as well, all for 5½ guineas, at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

FRANZ KAFKA will never be a popular novelist; he is often obscure and (as his most confirmed admirers joyfully admit) decidedly boring. His works, or those of them that I have read, elude classification: they point to no literary parentage and in all probability will have no progeny; they are *sui generis*. Moreover, owing to their nature they are essentially fragmentary. Their whole action consists of postponements and delays. The hero-victim of "The Castle" and "The Trial" is caught in the maze of a bureaucratic system, and every step forward he makes serves only to show him some fresh alley instead of advancing him in his quest. At first these partial glimpses, these unfulfilled promises of success, create an atmosphere of suspense that is almost unbearable; but the reader soon realises that he, no less than Kafka's protagonist, is being deceived. There can be no issue out of these afflictions, other than death; and death, if it comes, will be an irrelevance. With this realisation, the reader's interest perforce begins to wane. In life it may be better, as Stevenson said, to travel hopefully than to arrive, but in fiction it is not. Fiction can tolerate partial inconclusiveness, but utter frustration it abhors.

"The Trial." Another reason why Kafka has not achieved the recognition he deserves is connected with his approach to reality. His stories take the form of a waking dream or nightmare. They begin on the plane of ordinary experience.

Someone must have been telling lies about Joseph K. [so runs the first sentence of "The Trial"], for without having done anything wrong he was arrested one fine morning. His landlady's cook, who always brought him his breakfast at eight o'clock, failed to appear on this occasion. That had never happened before. K. waited for a little while longer, watching from his pillow the old lady opposite, who seemed to be peering at him with a curiosity unusual even for her, but then, feeling both put out and hungry, he rang the bell. At once there was a knock at the door and a man entered whom he had never seen before in the house.

We might almost be reading the opening of a detective story, or even of a plain tale of adventure without the detective story's conventions. K. has been arrested on some kind of false evidence. The next step will be that his accusers will come forward and he will be made to stand his trial. Does not the title of the book suggest that? But nothing of the sort happens. K. does indeed attend the Law Courts; he is a constant visitor there. But no charge is formulated against him, no day appointed for the trial; there are continuous preliminaries and conversations with minor officials, but nothing is done and soon we realise that nothing will be done. K.'s trial is not a trial in the legal sense at all, but a state of mind, a state of mind akin to persecution mania, but presented with all the paraphernalia of law-court proceedings. It is a dream trial, conducted with scarcely more verisimilitude than the trial in "Alice" and yet with the same tremendous air of realism, the same insistence on detail. But the detail, though highly imaginative, is not amusing; often it seems to have no point, except to infect the reader with K.'s own nervous apprehension. And this lack of point, one might almost say of meaning, makes it often tedious, just as the details of another person's dream, though completely absorbing to the dreamer, may easily be boring to his listener.

Problem of Kafka's Symbolism. Another problem arises—are the phenomena to be understood merely as treasure-trove plucked out of the author's subconscious mind, or are they part of an intricate system of symbolism? Can we, for instance, identify the "Advocate," whom K. eventually dismisses, with the instinct for self-justification whose voice is heard in every man? Or is he a supernatural advocate, a kind of Guardian Angel unequal to his job? Or—since the whole story *might* be read as a satire on the law's delays—a fantastic representation of a flesh-and-blood lawyer? Or is he simply an invention of Kafka's imagination, a dream-figure spontaneously generated in his subconscious mind, an appearance with nothing behind it?

It is difficult to say. All the way through the reader is tantalised by the feeling that, if he had been given just one clue more, K.'s baffling story would explain itself and all the incidents fall into place. Notice that K. is not unduly worried by a sense of guilt; not, at least, until everyone assumes that he is guilty. It is the feeling of being accused that bothers him, and his chief preoccupation is to be allowed to stand his trial and obtain an acquittal. But this, his advisers assure him, is most unlikely to happen.

"The Trial," was not left unfinished, like "The Castle." It has an ending—at least it has a concluding chapter. But there is nothing in the story to prepare us for K.'s execution; no sequence of events leads up to it. We must suppose it to have been done by order of the Court, although he was never formally convicted or condemned to death. But the scene itself shows Kafka's powers at their highest; it is wonderfully imaginative and dreadful, and like the last act of a nightmare, it has a kind of inevitability though the mind can find no justification for it. And this is true, more or less, of all the incidents in the story; even when we cannot

[Continued overleaf.

H.M. THE KING *inspected the* HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY *last week on the parade ground at the H.Q., Armoury House, Finsbury, in connection with the Regiment's 400th anniversary celebrations. The Regiment, of which the King is Captain-General, received a Charter from Henry VIII. Our group shows (from l. to r., front row) Captain W. G. Haughton, Captain A. D. McKechnie, Captain T. O'Brien, Major P. Evans, T.D., Lieut.-Col. E. F. Stamford, Captain C. A. R. Coghill, Scots Guards (Adjutant, H.A.C.), Colonel the Earl Fortescue, M.C. (Colonel-Commandant, H.A.C.), H.M. the King (Captain-General, H.A.C.), Lieut.-Col. H. W. O'Brien, M.C., T.D., Captain R. W. Goodbody, R.H.A. (Adjutant H.A.C. Artillery), Major W. B. Farrar, M.C., Major J. A. Hill, Captain G. H. Wilford, Captain J. McDermid, and Captain P. Pettit; (second row) Lieut. H. G. Champness, Lieut. A. M. Macdonald, Lieut. R. D. Spence, Lieut. G. V. Lazenby, Lieut. and Quartermaster A. J. Lake, Lieut. H. J. Waters, Lieut. E. J. Riseley, Captain J. C. Rix, R.A.V.C. (T.), Colonel Sir Lambert Ward, Bt., D.S.O., T.D., M.P., Major W. R. Ward, R.A., M.C. (T.), Captain H. A. Bulman, R.A.M.C. (T.), Captain the Rev. St. G. Colthurst, M.A.,C.P., (T), Captain C. H. Sylvester, Lieut. D. P. O'Brien, Lieut. C. J. Wilson, Lieut. R. W. Gleed, Lieut. R. H. Piper, Lieut. D. D. Angus; and (third row) 2nd Lieuts. T. D. M. Parker, H. F. Jackson, A. R. Danks, D. Neill, P. E. Pettit, M. E. Cole, G. R. Armstrong, R. J. Rogers, R. C. Croxton, H. G. Sherrin, E. W. Hartley, J. C. Nicoll. J. A. T. Barstow, B. L. Barber, J. P. Sworder, and L. S. W. Cranfield.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

1.24

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how relieved
you feel
as
you see it
safely
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and
how thankful
you are
for
a cigarette
after
that awful moment !

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Continued.]

understand their symbolism we obscurely feel the force of the author's intention. For Kafka was undoubtedly a genius, whose vision illuminated tracts of consciousness never explored before. And his translators, writing in a kind of breathless whisper, admirably suited to their subject, worthily allow that genius to appear.

"The Bridge." This is the first novel I have read by Mr. Francis Stuart, and I am very much impressed by it. It belongs to none of the recognised schools of Irish fiction; it is neither brutal and ruthless, nor Celtic and romantic, though some of these qualities are to be found in it. Nor has the author sought to engage our attention by any startling innovation of technique; he tells a rather complicated story in a plain way—some might think too plain, for the book is littered with split infinitives. His scene is a small town on the Irish coast. Fert was a decaying port, with little to recommend it as a place of residence. But it boasted two distinct personalities: the town on the mainland, bourgeois, respectable, with a recognised society giving dinner-parties, and a Sodality whose business it was to promote virtue and rescue the fallen; and the island, whose inhabitants lived a free-and-easy life of their own, despising and being despised by the town. The two were connected by the bridge which gives Mr. Stuart his title. It was not a very efficient bridge; being out of order, it would not open to allow the three ships which lay trapped on its further side to pass back to the sea; and there was a lawsuit about this. But it makes a very efficient symbol; for it is a connecting-link between the two sides of a divided nature. Of two divided natures, for that matter; because geographically, and to some extent spiritually, both Joanna Flynn and Larry Byrne belonged to the town.

"Larry and Joanna." Joanna was unhappily married to a garage-proprietor; her nature had no emotional outlet. Larry was contentedly married to a wife he had ceased to notice; his energies (for he was a man of temperament, which was why women liked him) went into working the illicit poteen-still hidden in the "Oleander," one of the vessels becalmed by the bridge. It was Orla Pidgeon who brought the two together — Orla, who loved Larry and whose behaviour excited (most unjustifiably) the shocked interest of the Sodality. Joanna was deputed to go to Casey's Riverside House, the chief hostelry on the Island, and "reclaim" Orla. She went, and received the rough side—a very rough side—of Orla's tongue. But in doing so she met Larry, and achieved what Orla, employing much more direct methods, had failed to achieve. She made him fall in love with her.

Looked at from the standpoint of probability, there is a good deal to criticise in the love-affair between Larry and Joanna: how it could have been kept secret, for one thing, in that small town, full of whispering voices. But as the account of a mutual emotion, rising from timid beginnings to great power and ecstasy, it is superb. Alone it would make "The Bridge" an unusually distinguished novel. But there are other interests that help to enrich the pattern; the threatened demolition, for instance, of the Bride's Pass, which, by purifying the island will take away its character of rather glamorous wickedness. Other interests and other characters. Foley, the Superintendent of the Civic Guard, who achieves so much with such a small expense of words; is very well drawn, as is also Larry's wife, Shelagh. Joanna's love for Larry was complete and flawless; she detested her brutal husband (a rather conventional ogre). But Larry was never quite single-hearted in his attitude to Joanna. His conscience would not let him forget Shelagh, garrulous, pathetic, helpless Shelagh; and circumstances conspired to make the lesser love overcome the greater. Mr. Stuart describes the conflict with a gentle relentlessness that overlooks none of the many issues involved; and the account is all the more moving in that both Larry and Joanna are people whom it is impossible not to like. To me the only failure in the book is the character of Orla. In spite of its vivid, living traits, her personality somehow lacks reality.

MRS. ALAN LLOYD, *wife of an official in the Finance Department of the Government of India, has formed Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in several places in Northern India. She is the Hon. Sec. of the Societies at Delhi and Simla, and a Vice-President of the All-India S.P.C.A., the central organisation which she formed in 1929. She has come to England this summer specially to launch an appeal for a "Building Fund" in order that the hospital maintained by the Delhi Society may be extended. Contributions to be sent to Mrs. A. H. Lloyd, c/o Messrs Thomas Cook and Son (Bankers), Berkeley Street, W.1.*

"Radium." Gold, wheat, oil, diamonds have furnished novelists with a subject for their books; now comes radium. Herr Brunngraber follows the history of this element from its discovery by Mme. Curie down to the present day. The story, which is planned on the grand scale, has three principal centres, Belgium, London, and Colorado. In Belgium lives the financier Pierre Cynac, who realises the financial possibilities of the discovery; in Colorado a rich deposit of radium is laid bare; while in London the drug and drink addict, Dr. Purvis, tries, in spite of all the financial interests arrayed against him, to use radium for the cure of cancer and the benefit of mankind. The book is thus a three-fold romance, in which love and many other passions play their part. Well served by his translators, Herr Brunngraber writes in a direct and masterful manner, conducting his story like a general marshalling an army. He spares the reader no technicalities—

> the Australian deposits [we learn] . . . were of trifling value, consisting only of urophane, gummite, fergusonite, ilmenite, and monazite.

Happily, the characters are for the most part actuated by motives with simpler names. Some of these seem discreditable, but the author, remembering the scientific nature of his theme, is sparing with moral judgments.

DR. A. J. CRONIN *is the well-known author of "Hatter's Castle," and other distinguished novels. "The Citadel," his latest book, has a medical setting, and Dr. Cronin, who is a qualified Doctor of Medicine, discusses the methods of the G.P. and the specialist with remarkable frankness.*

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Trial. By Franz Kafka. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. (*Gollancz*; 7s. 6d.)

The Bridge. By Francis Stuart. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)

Radium. By Rudolf Brunngraber. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. (*Harrap*; 8s. 6d.)

This England . . .

from St. Catherine's Hill, nr. Winchester

EVERY landscape, however casual in its arrangement, is dear to the heart of someone. To him a familiar group of trees upon the skyline spells "home" as surely as some casual (and usually more unfortunate) arrangement of brick and tile. There is a feeling of permanence therein that links the short span of youth and manhood to the greater permanence of his race. We all feel it—that is why another man's England is sympathetic to us also. This instinctive feeling comes out oddly here and there . . . it is instinctively that you like Worthington rather than by what you are told of it, because it is a beer brewed in a very old way and part, therefore, of the permanence of this England.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

IN an effort to tide over the "quiet" period that occurs in the motor trade at about this time of the year, motor-car manufacturers are introducing their next season's models earlier than ever. I have already dealt with the Triumph programme, and am now in a position to give some details, at any rate, of certain new Austin, Hillman, and Riley models. It must not be assumed however, that these are the only innovations that are likely to be introduced. Judging by what happened last year, many of the 1938 models will be introduced, one at a time, at intervals of a few weeks, with a final surprise at the Motor Show.

The AUSTIN "BIG SEVEN" *has exceptionally handsome lines, which are well illustrated by our snapshot of one beside the Avon, at Bidford. This model is very well equipped and has an excellent performance.*

The Austin "Seven," the first, and still one of the most popular baby cars, has now got a bigger brother. I put it this way, because if I were to write: "The Austin 'Seven' grows up," I am quite sure that the Austin Motor Company would immediately write and tell me that, of course, the well-tried Austin "Seven" is still being made. The bigger brother has an engine of 900 c.c. as against one of 750 c.c., but as the difference in the cylinder bore is very small indeed, the tax remains at £6. For the rest, the "Big Seven" Austin is a roomier car altogether; it comes, roughly, midway between the existing "Seven" and the "Ten." Four adults can be carried in complete comfort, and there is plenty of leg-room in the rear compartment. The performance is good, and the brakes first-rate, and the larger engine seems well able to cope with the roomier coachwork, leaving a useful reserve for hill-climbing and accelerating. The price of the sliding-roof saloon is £160.

Then there is the new Hillman "Minx." Fundamentally the same excellent car as of yore, but improved in countless details. So far as I can judge, the body-shell is not any larger, but by a miracle of ingenuity, much more room has been provided inside. The Hillman people seem out to prove that the old adage about not being able to put a quart into a pint pot is wrong! The rear panel of the body has been redesigned, and the luggage-locker, which contains two natty little suitcases, can be reached from inside or outside. The lid of the locker lets down, to form a platform on which another suitcase can be carried, while golfers will please note that there is room for four sets of golf-clubs inside the locker when closed. The other outward and visible sign that the "Minx" is a brand-new 1938 model, is a handsome new radiator cowl, with curved, plated slats. Features that are not seen, but which will be appreciated by the driver, are a more powerful engine, improved brakes, and springing adjustable to load, besides any amount of additional refinements. The new "Minx" is priced at £169 as a "Safety" saloon.

There is definitely a movement this year towards the "Big Four." Rileys are the latest concern to introduce a 16-h.p. four-cylinder motor-car, and a very nice job it is. It is, of course, unmistakably a Riley, with its inclined overhead valves, operated by two camshafts in the crank-case, and its typical Riley coachwork. It has a three-speed gear with overdrive, a feature popularised across the Atlantic, which, in effect, gives five forward speeds instead of three, for there are really two "tops" and two "seconds." The higher gear-ratios come into use automatically above certain speeds if the accelerator pedal is momentarily released and depressed again. The use of the overdrive means less wear and tear for the engine, and more peaceful driving for the motorist, while a considerable petrol economy is effected. There is also a free-wheel, which a lot of people like, and it certainly reduces wear and tear when there is much traffic-driving to be done.

That the body is roomy enough can be gathered from the fact that the same five-seater body is fitted as that on the Riley "V-8." Interesting chassis features include a new form of rubber-insulated engine mounting, very large brake-drums, and a diamond-shaped instrument-board to match the characteristic diamond radiator badge. It is claimed that the engine develops no less than 83½ b.h.p., and a very high road performance is obtainable. About 70 m.p.h. can be reached on the overdrive second, for instance. The four-cylinder engine runs very much more smoothly than even the most optimistic driver would imagine, and at over 40 m.p.h. even an expert could scarcely tell that it was not a six- or eight-cylinder engine. The big four-cylinder engine, of course, makes for considerable economy, while the acceleration in traffic and on hills is remarkable Altogether, this is a most interesting and attractive car, and it is priced at £405.

The 1½-LITRE M.G. *in our photograph is at Frilford, close to one of England's premier golf-courses.*

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

For almost a week now I have been revelling in the joys of city life. I know it is hard to conceive of anybody enjoying themselves in crowded, sun-bathed streets in London at this time of the year. It is more difficult still to appreciate the mentality of anyone who is a member of half-a-dozen clubs, all within half-an-hour's journey, as I am, not using one spare hour during a week of comparative freedom, to play golf. And yet I say I have enjoyed the sight of scorched pavements more than I would have appreciated the verdant green of the golf-course! One reason for this is that during the last six months I have spent almost every hour of daylight on the links — watching golf. During that time I have arrived at the conclusion that tournament golf is becoming a spectacle, and that something must be done for the spectator. Watching golf is no longer a leisurely pastime; it is an athletic exercise. One half the people who go to watch see little or nothing; the other half run and run between shots, get in the way sometimes, and then push their way into the throng around the putting greens, to get a fleeting glimpse of the putts. If you can imagine what it feels like to spend six months in such crowds you may appreciate how happy I feel in the comparative freedom of a City street.

The Playing Fields' Foursomes Competition was held at Ashridge Golf Course in brilliant summer weather. Our group shows (l. to r.) MISS J. HARKER, MISS DIANA FISHWICK, MR. J. S. BEATTY *and* BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. C. CRITCHLEY. *Miss Fishwick and Brigadier-General Critchley won the competition, playing from scratch. They were two up at the end of the second round.*

Most Difficult Game to Watch.

And yet I feel that something ought to be done for the serious onlooker. He wishes to study the methods of the players, to note their style of addressing the ball when driving, playing iron shots and putts. He would like to tell you that by copying Henry Cotton's swing or Alfred Padgham's putting method he has improved his own game. But the person who willingly pays his half-crown to see the play can only boast that he saw so-and-so play his winning round although his vision was restricted to probably three drives, half-a-dozen iron shots and a putt or two. Nobody in the world can truthfully say he watched every shot in Cotton's final round of the Open Championship. I was in that crowd, which numbered fully 10,000, and I have had considerable experience of watching championships, but I saw more of the ball in the air than at any other time. Since the introduction of gate-money, comparatively few years ago, the crowds have grown out of all proportion to pre-war days and the spectators have become an integral part of a tournament or championship.

Double the Gate Money.

Strolling into an hotel I met Walter Hagen and Joe Kirkwood, who gave me a new light on this spectator business. These two famous Americans are spending several more weeks in this country, offering exhibitions. They, I think, may do a great deal to solve the problem which faces all clubs where tournaments are held. They offer a day's "exhibition" golf, and that, says Kirkwood, "golf which golfers wish to watch." They play a match; Kirkwood gives a most amusing and skilful exhibition of trick shots, and the players also give a lecture demonstration of shots. That is the kind of thing golfers, qua golfers, wish to see. Hagen and Kirkwood play for the gate, with, of course, a nominal guarantee, but they would rather have 300 enthusiastic and intelligent golfers present than 1000 idle sightseers. They have therefore refused several offers of half-a-crown gate charge, preferring to get a third of the number at five shillings—they will not play for less. I am entirely in agreement with them. The golfer who wishes to see a scientific demonstration of golf will not consider five shillings a day too much—others will. No professional golfer enjoys being followed by a rushing mob, such as that which even Henry Cotton himself had to assist in controlling during his last round of the recent Championship. Apart from disturbing the concentration of the competitors, such unruly crowds rarely appreciate the shots they are watching.

Personally, I think it would be a good idea to charge ten shillings to spectators at least for the closing stages of the Open Championship. No doubt the crowd would be much smaller, but the players, who receive none of the gate money, would be pleased. Nobody would think of grumbling if assured of a reasonable chance of seeing their favourite players in action, any more than they object to the subscription to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, the Steward's Enclosure at Henley, or the Centre Court at Wimbledon. Thousands of people clamour for ten-shilling tickets for the F.A. Cup Final, but golf is apparently the Cinderella of the sports—anybody, whether interested or not, can watch a championship or tournament for half a crown and if a "residenter," in Scotland, for a shilling or for nothing. Personally, I can see no reason why an adequate charge should not be made; golfers would appreciate it just as much as the players.

VISCOUNT HAMPDEN, VISCOUNTESS HAMPDEN, MAJOR HIRSCH, MISS PINTO, CAPTAIN R. J. PINTO *and* MRS. PINTO, *competitors in the Playing Fields' Foursomes Competition at Ashridge, are here seen starting off from the first tee.*

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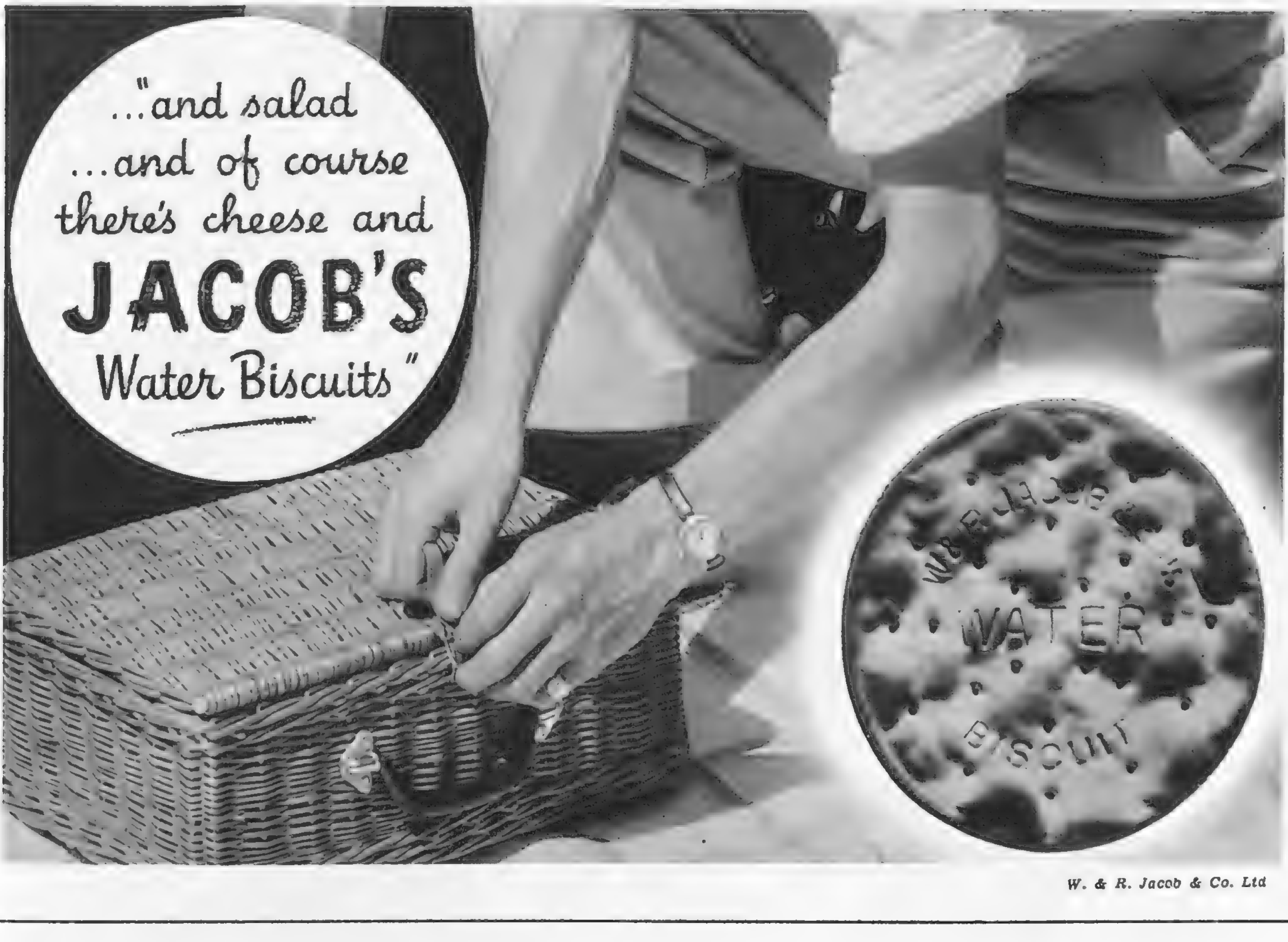

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"YOUR Stock Exchange markets," said Our Stroller, "seem to have arrived at a condition very much like my own. May be you can guess what that is."

"Too simple," replied his broker. "Middle-aged spread, of course."

"Well, as a poor alternative, that may serve. But I was thinking of something rather different."

"Related in any way to a camel?" hazarded the broker. "Or perhaps a dromedary, which I believe has a couple of humps?"

"I see there is nothing for it but an explanation. Your markets resemble me in that we have sunk into a groove which seems difficult to escape from. Now do you understand, Sir?"

"Where does your own groove lie?"

"It runs across, and drains, any inclination I may feel towards buying stocks and shares just now. I believe prices will go up: I 'm afraid they may go down. So I do no business either way."

"And you think our markets are in the same sort of condition, eh?"

"So far as I can see, people are not doing a great deal in your things, and therefore the markets have drifted into a groove of idleness and quiet prices."

"He isn't so far out, you know," said the partner. "I think that sums it up fairly accurately. A breath of real business would make all the difference to the Stock Exchange just now."

"Can you see any hope of it?"

"Hope springs eternal, you know. And Springs are a sound show by themselves."

"I think that a lot of those good Kaffir shares are looking cheap. Robinson Deep B I saw mentioned the other day as a fine mining investment. And East Gedulds yield well, too."

"There 's plenty of scope for improvement in that market if there were any public demand to lift Kaffirs out of their groove."

"That 's what I have been arguing," Our Stroller repeated. "We are all in a condition of ultra-caution. The markets act on us, and we react upon them."

"Write that down, do you mind, and I will incorporate it in my next Review," said the broker. "It will come in handily as I am rather short of stuff this time."

"Good stuff," his partner qualified. "There 's always plenty of the other kind to be taken from the daily papers."

"I suppose we shall be getting on to a four per cent. basis for gilt-edged stocks before long."

"War Loan down to 90? Oh, no! I should say certainly not."

"If you do, we will put you on the Advisory Committee of the B.B.C."

"I protest against that," declared Our Stroller. "The B.B.C. have dug such a groove for the transmission of daily Stock Exchange reports that I should strongly resent any alteration in the bright and informative news they give about your markets."

"Almost chatty, isn't it? And read as though the chap who 's doing it is really interested in giving the report. I should think the Stock Exchange News broadcast by the B.B.C. must be unique."

"Let us hope so, anyway. There must be thousands and thousands of people in different parts of the country who would be thankful for an intelligent and sensible——"

"Now, now, be careful. The B.B.C. don't like to be criticised, you know. To wound the tenderest feelings of a wireless set would be—what would it be?—Oh, yes: shocking."

". . . lack of interest: that 's all. If it weren't for that," and the dealer in West Australians altered a price or two in his list, "I think Commonwealths would go better."

"You prefer Commonwealth to Murchison?" a broker asked.

"As a matter of fact, I don't. Of the two, I'd rather have Murchison. But the whole of the group moves together, you know. More or less, that is."

"I cannot resist a sneaking fancy for my old pal Trepca Mines," remarked a broker. "I 've put clients into them: I 've held them myself. And I still have a few in my wife's name."

"Along with the other furniture?"

"Yes, dearie. Stored in plain vans."

"Trepcas do pay dividends," a dealer observed. "Good ones, too. I reckon they 're worth more than the present price."

"So are Burma Corps. Dependent on base-metals, we know, but the Board is first-rate and that means that you get an honest show for your money."

"Those Marsman Investments intrigue me," said another broker. "Gold-mining and trading in the Philippines sound speculative, but the Marsman figures the other day were surprisingly good."

"If it were a really good concern, my boy, why did the Americans allow it to come over here?"

"I 'm told they did their utmost to buy the whole show, but that they missed it while bargaining over the price. You get nearly seven per cent. on your money from Marsman shares, you know."

"Which is more than certain West Africans pay," said a dealer in them, passing across to his market.

"Beginning to get fed up, eh?"

"Very much so. I suppose West Africans will come again one of these days, but hope deferred maketh the bull sick, you know. Oh, thanks," and he took the ha'penny. "I will duly hand it over to the Cheerful Sparrows."

"That reminds me," another member remarked, looking through a handful of coppers, "of a contract I saw the other day for thirty thousand tons of coal. The final choice lay between two tenders, and the difference in their prices was one ha'penny per ton. Close work, eh?"

"Well-known people?"

"Oh, yes." He gave the names.

"There was a mark in the Stock Exchange Official List early this month," said a broker, "of a deal at five-eighths of a penny, and the next was at eleven-sixteenths of a penny. How 's that for close?"

"Might have been a put-through," suggested a jobber. "Rather looks like it."

"What is a put-through?" asked Our Stroller.

"It 's what a stranger gets when he comes into the House and is spotted. The term is usually associated with himself, a Stock Exchange waiter, and the nearest exit."

"Oh, really," retorted Our Stroller. "Don't you think you would make an excellent announcer to give Stock Exchange reports for the B.B.C.?"

"They could not afford to pay me enough," responded the broker impressively. "Do you want any old Iron? Or Steel prices?"

They stopped to scan the list exhibited by a firm who deal in this market.

"Iron and Steel things ought to be all right," maintained one of the dealers. "The industry must be doing well. Can't help it. And it looks like continuing to go ahead."

"Sir John Simon was pretty optimistic the week before last."

"He talks according to his book, of course."

"Hang it, man; you 've got to give any Chancellor of the Exchequer a certain amount of credit——"

"He doesn't give me much when it comes to paying my July Income Tax."

"No, but Simon has all the data for judging the condition of industry."

"Dare say you 're O.K. Iron and Steel shares should be bought?"

"Any of the home industrial departments ought to be worth attention."

"If it weren't for that N.D.C. business, I believe we should see something like a boom in our domestic things."

"Do you? Strikes me that these are not boom times. And that makes all the difference. Why, do you know, I even check my restaurant bills now!"

"Never! But I thought they were always infallible?"

"So did I. Last night, my bill was added up two shillings wrong; one day last week, I was charged twice over for a couple of ices; and, just before then, the waiter put four lagers on my bill instead of three. Three different restaurants in the West End."

"What did you do?"

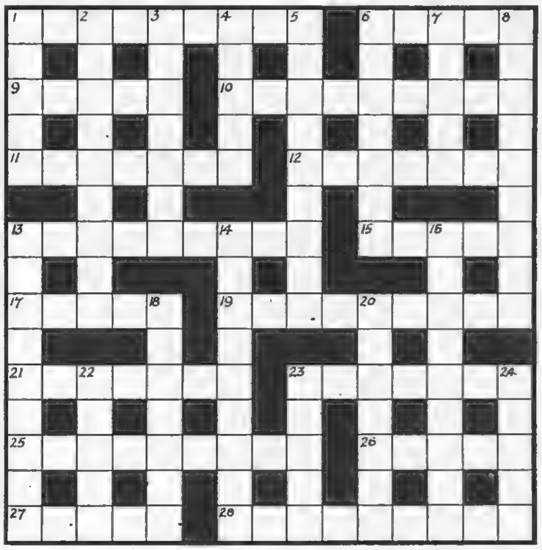
"The only thing possible. I paid for each of the mistakes and gave the waiters an extra half-crown for wasting their time while I checked the bills. Wouldn't you?"

"No, Sir. I reckon you owed them at least five shillings each for brightening up your arithmetic. Hi! What 's up?"

And he turned round just in time to see Our Stroller demonstrate the distinction between a put-through and a get-away.

Friday, July 23, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Outspokenness, or a pointless point (9).
6. You are sure to get a game of cards in this vessel (5).
9. Are such clothes part of the climbing kit? (5).
10. Cut down expenses (9).
11. Laid the other way at the start, in a manner of speaking (7).
12. What a polite Turk called me (7).
13. Well-known London Club (9).
15. A Dickens name (5).
17. Liable to lose heads or balance (5).
19. Play on words tenderly put together though caustically (9).
21. An English poet: see 2 Down's head (7).
23. Cleaner colour burnt (7).
25. Last word before fighting (9).
26. Subject (5).
27. A scarcity, alas! (5).
28. With him deeds and actions are not synonymous (9).

DOWN.

1. The dodo, for instance (5).
2. The Red Cross lady hit hard, retaining her composure completely (9).
3. Abbey—shut up after tea? (7)
4. It just happens (5).
5. Presumably, the wheelwright's union doesn't require such a mouthpiece (9).
6. There is mockery on his lips, not on his heart (7).
7. Three words bringing tears to the eyes (5).
8. Quite so! (9).
13. Possibly not a sugar, but an appetiser (9).
14. "The great river" (9).
16. Warning (9).
18. Renders lip-reading impossible in the East (7).
20. It 's lace in one way; in another it isn't (7).
22. Not scored off the bat (5).
23. If you swallow this, you 'll swallow almost anything (5).
24. Poetically gloomy (5).

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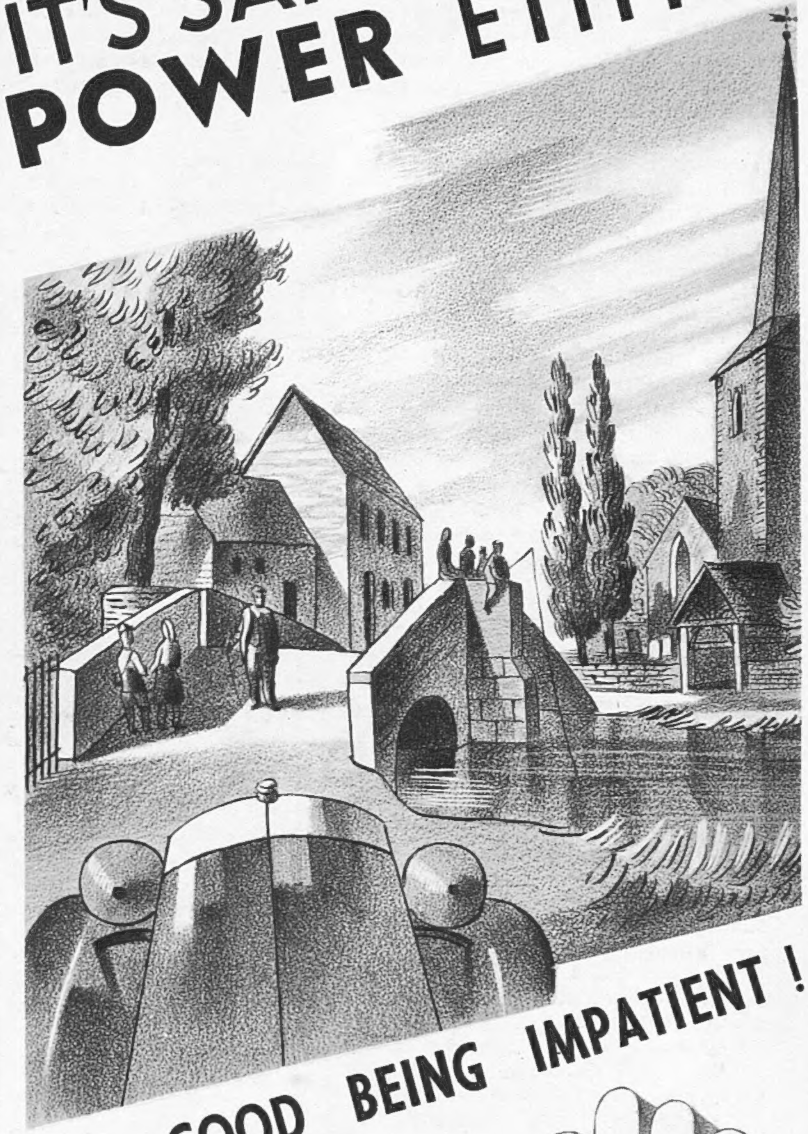
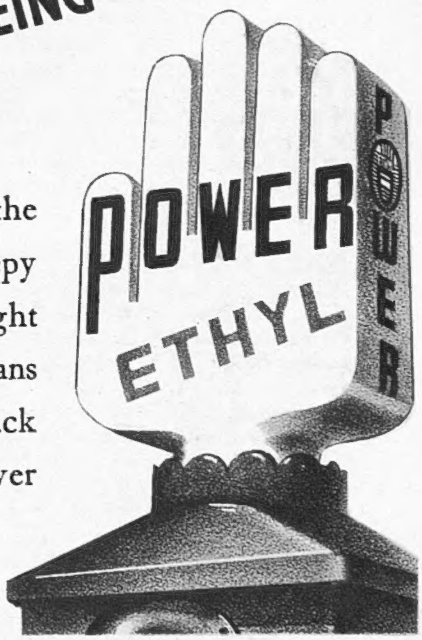


NO GOOD BEING IMPATIENT!



I like wandering off the beaten track where sleepy English villages still delight the eye . . . it certainly means going slow, but once back on the main road, Power Ethyl's *extra* power soon makes up for lost time.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCIX.

UNUSUAL LEADS.

THE recent World Championship played at Budapest brought into prominence a certain point, that, although of considerable importance, is rarely discussed in bridge books or articles on the game. I refer to opening leads against slam bids. Confessedly, this opening lead to a great extent is a matter of luck; still, in many cases a little judgment may help to cut down this element of luck. Take this hand, which was played in the World Championship—

Spades—A, x, x, x.
Hearts—x, x, x.
Clubs—A, x, x, x, x.
Diamonds—x.
B

Spades—x. Hearts—Q, 10, x, x. Clubs—x, x, x. Diamonds—10, x, x, x, x. (Y)

Spades—Q, x. Hearts—K, x. x. Clubs—K, Q, Kn, 10, x. Diamonds—A, x. x. (Z)

A
Spades—K, Kn, x, x, x, x.
Hearts—A, Kn, x.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—K, Q, Kn, x.

A dealt and bid one spade; Y passed; B, three spades; Z, five clubs! A, six spades! In my opinion both Z's five clubs and A's six spades were strange and difficult to justify; I take it Z was making a sacrifice bid, which perhaps is forgiveable, but A deserved severe punishment for his slam bid, and for sure in nine cases out of ten he would have got it. However, this is by the way—at the moment we are concerned with what Y should lead.

Now it is a pretty good basis to work upon, when your partner has made a high pre-emptive bid and you have support in his suit (as here), to leave that suit alone—in other words, *not* to lead it. It is clear that opponent's slam has been bid on at best a singleton, but more likely a void in that suit; hence if you open that suit, you give the enemy the immediate run of the play, or in American bridge language, you lose a possible and all important "tempo" for your own side. This consideration rules out a club opening. It is the same with a trump lead—the same argument against leading your partner's suit is even stronger against leading trumps. (Incidentally, it is only on "freak" hands, such as when you hold the contract set in the trump suit itself that a trump lead against slam play is sound). That brings us down to a heart or a diamond lead. Against smaller than slam contracts, it is usually unwise to lead blindly from a suit in which you hold a likely winner—it is better to lead from "nothing"; but when a slam has been bid, I find it a better chance to lead away boldly from a potential second- or even third-round winner. The reason is obvious. The lead may establish a winning card, while either you or your partner may hold a stopper in some other suit which will enable you to bring in this established trick. Any other lead, whereby you lose this chance or "tempo" of setting up a second winner, as often as not just presents declarer with his contract. Y should have led a small heart here. Z must get in with the ace of diamonds to return the heart lead and away goes the slam. The Y in this case, however, made the fatal (to me inexplicable) mistake of leading his partner's suit, clubs. Dummy took the trick, trumps were cleared, and dummy's losing hearts were thrown on declarer's diamonds. Don't think that this type of lead will prove successful always—but on the bidding as given, I would advise you "try out" the lead, and you will find it useful more often than not.

Here is the elusive slam hand shown last week—

Spades—None.
Hearts—10, 8, 7, 6.
Clubs—K, Q, Kn, 9, 8, 7.
Diamonds—A, K, Q.
B

Spades—10. 9, 8, 7, 6. Hearts—9, 5, 4, 3. Clubs—10, 6, 5, 4. Diamonds—None. (Y)

Spades—5, 4, 3, 2. Hearts—2. Clubs—A, 3, 2. Diamonds—7, 5, 4, 3, 2. (Z)

A
Spades—A, K, Q, Kn.
Hearts—A, K, Q, Kn.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 6.

The contract was seven hearts. Y led a spade. B threw a club. A won and played out four rounds of trumps, and claimed the rest, saying he would discard B's diamonds on his own spades. Z told him to play on—he held on to his five diamonds and eventually made the seven of diamonds. Now the slam can be made here, but only in one way. A leads out his spades, discards diamonds from dummy, but ruffs the fourth spade! Dummy now leads a club; Z must put up the ace; A ruffs, leads a diamond to trump in dummy, who makes two good clubs, on which A discards two diamonds. The last tricks are made by double-ruffing clubs and diamonds. This is the only grand slam situation I have ever come across on which trumps should never be led.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JULY 21.

Across.—1. Scales. 5. Callus. 10. Meander. 11. Sounder. 12. Calves. 15. Vestas. 16. Relater. 17. Sets. 18. Odin. 19. Strands. 20. More. 22. Scar. 25. Invoice. 27. Begins. 28. Exeats. 31. Abigail. 32. Shingle. 33. Repent. 34. Averse.

Down.—2. Chaplet. 3. Ledger. 4. Sark. 5. Cast. 6. Lauder. 7. Undated. 8. Amices. 9. Orison. 13. Sextons. 14. Paragon. 15. Vendace. 20. Mob-cap. 21. Ragtime. 23. Charges. 24. Rushes. 25. Insane. 26. Excise. 29. Slot. 30. Asia.

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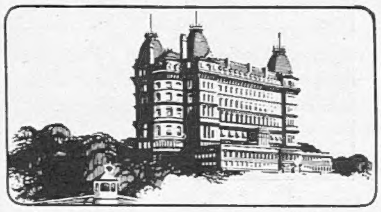

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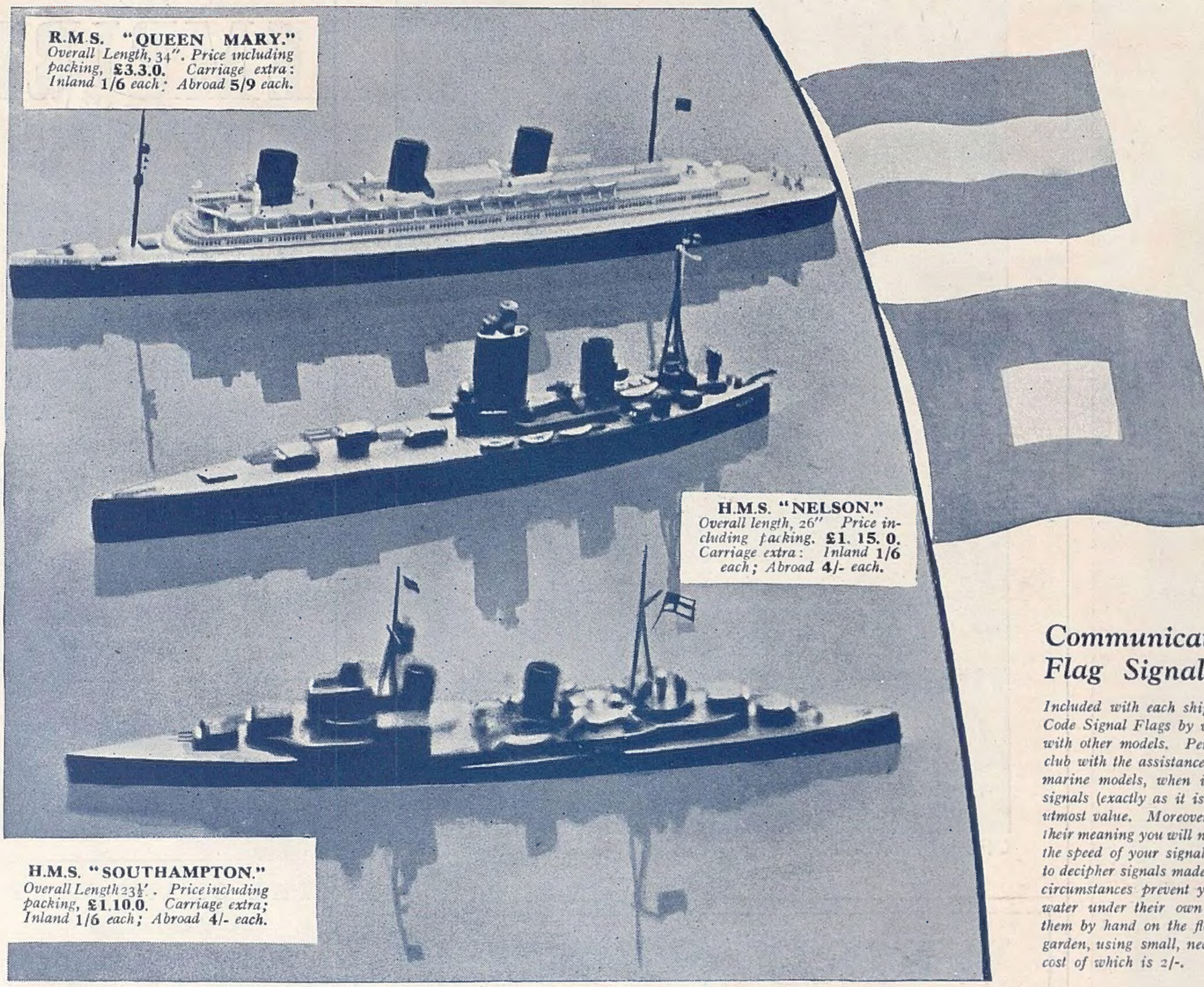

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